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For meaning of this No. see page iii. of cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. X. No. 241. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1911. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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FURNITURE and ENTIRE HOUSEHOLD EFFECTS, comprising 50 rooms, almost new.—The NEWMAN and OXFORD STREET DEPOSITORIES (Ltd.). AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS, and ESTATE AGENTS, offer the goods below for immediate SALE, PRIVATELY, WITHOUT ANY RESERVE, just removed from the Aigburth Mansions, Brixton; Avondale Avenue, Finchley; Paignton, Devonshire; Queen's Club Mansions, Kensington; St. Winifred's Crescent, Muswell Hill; and elsewhere—Most elegant, modern, superior, and antique furniture will be sold, either in the whole or separately, comprising French and Italian bedsteads, with very fine bedding, complete, from 30s.; black and brass bedsteads from 10s. 6d. each; six massive all-square brass bedsteads, £4 12s. 6d.; three fumed oak bedsteads, 22s. each; most unique Sheraton design bedstead, with sweep rail, full size, 55s.; two oxidised silver bedsteads, and several others, too numerous to mention, 35 bedroom suites, exceptionally well finished; five including bedsteads to match; six solid oak bedroom suites, with large wardrobes, £4 12s. 6d.; and two with large bevelled plate-glass doors to wardrobe, £5 2s. 6d.; two most magnificent bedroom suites, with side cheval glasses to dressing chests, £5 15s.; walnut bedroom suite, very massive, £6 15s.; an elegant Sheraton design bedroom suite, £7 10s., another Sheraton design bedroom suite, with large 4ft. wardrobe, 12gns.; an Adams design bedroom suite, £10 15s.; 6ft. solid walnut bedroom suite, £11 11s.; 7ft. solid mahogany bedroom suite, £12 12s.; 6ft. inlaid Sheraton design bedroom suite, 25gns.; 7ft. inlaid bedroom suite, £65, worth £100; and other suites too numerous to mention, quite worth treble the prices asked; the dining-room furniture consists, amongst other things, of an elaborate antique design dining-room set in black carved oak, consisting of two Elizabethan design arm-chairs, six small chairs to match, a most elegant and massive carved oak sideboard, with bevelled plate-glass back, and most massive extended dining table to match, will be sold for £13 5s. the lot, or separately; this suite alone is worth quite treble the money asked; a very fine fumigated oak dining-room set, consisting of sideboard, overmantel. and suite. 10gns. the lot, or separately; a Chippendale design dining-room set, consisting of 10 Queen Anne chairs, two carving chairs, and two lounge chairs, a most unique buffet side-board, measuring 5ft., and a round cabriole leg dining table, all to match, for the whole set we will accept 19gns., or will sell separately to suit; three fumed oak sideboards, £2 15s. each, six oak chairs and two arm-chairs to match, £3 12s. 6d.; set Queen Anne chairs, £9 9s.; fumigated oak dining-room set, £9 9s.; saddlebag suite, £5 5s.; five overmantels from 12s. 6d.; and several lounge chairs from 14s. 6d.; 10ft. solid mahogany dining table, 5ft. mahogany dining wagon in two parts; also bookcases, a convertible dining-room billiard table, balls, cues, etc.; handsome Louis XIV. ormolu clock set, with female figures of Cupid, 12gns., worth 50; and other articles, including table glass, 2 canteens of Sheffield plate, all too numerous to mention. The drawing-room furniture consists of some magnificent pieces of French furniture, including a quantity of buhl, Louis Seize, Vernis Martin cabinets, bureaus, escritoires, etc.; Louis XIV. cabinet, with bevelled plate back and china cupboard underneath, £4 10s.; small satin-wood boudoir suite, £7 7s.; Chesterfield in silk, 58s.; a most exquisite gilt drawing-room suite, 12gns.; very pretty drawing-room suite, £5 10s.; another drawing-room suite, £6 15s.; also Louis XIV. drawing-room set, consisting of cabinet, all bevelled plates in back, overmantel, settee, 2 easy chairs and 4 small chairs upholstered in a very fine tapestry, £8 10s. the lot. A Vernis Martin panel cabinet, 12gns.; Chesterfield, upholstered in satin £7 7s.; Italian card table, inlaid ivory and satinwood, £4 4s.; a Worcester dessert service, consisting of 18 plates and 6 centre stands, £5 5s.; most magnificent piano, £5 5s.; another piano, 10gns.; and a piano by Collard and Collard, 20gns.; a 7¼-octave trichord grand pianoforte, in ebonised case, by C. Bechstein; 20 other pianos, all makes, to be sold without any reserve; 150 oil paintings unframed; grandfather's clock in oak case, £5 17s. 6d.; and a very fine chiming grandfather's clock, in Sheraton case, 18gns.; 50 carpets, hardly soiled, from 10s.; some very fine Mirzapore, Turkey, and Oriental carpets to be sold without any reserve, a quantity of electric light fittings; 20 volumes of books; large quantity of silk draperies, gilt mirrors, etc. A miniature brougham and a Parisian victoria; a 14 h.p. motor-car, and another 24 h.p. motor-car; two large motor-coats and a quantity of furs, etc. Country and other buyers should call at once and see these goods. All goods will be delivered in town or country perfectly free of charge, or can be stored till required. The above goods are now on view, and are being sold daily from nine till nine, except Saturday, when we close at seven o'clock, at

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AUCTIONEERS and VALUERS,
92, 93, 94, NEWMAN STREET, OXFORD STREET, W.

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JUMPING SEASON

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Gives new Life to the invalid—renewed strength to the weak—increased vigour to the brainworker—and a wealth of health to everyone.

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"Dear Sirs,—A few months ago I was so dangerously ill that the doctors said they could do nothing for me, and advised me to make the best I could of life, as I should never be well again.

"I was terribly upset at the prospect of being a life-long invalid, and when a friend of mine urged me to try 'Wincarnis' I applied to you for one of your free trial bottles.

"I was astonished and delighted to find that from the first glassful your 'Wincarnis' put new life into me. I persevered with 'Wincarnis,' and before long I was able to get about again. Instead of remaining a life-long invalid, I am now able to carry on my business, and I owe all my renewed health and strength entirely to your wonderful 'Wincarnis.'

Yours very gratefully,
SARAH DE VILLE.'

TEST IT FREE.

Send 3 penny stamps (to pay carriage) to Coleman & Co., Ltd., Dept. W, 18, Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and by return you will receive a liberal trial bottle of Wincarnis, free.

SEND TO-DAY.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. X. No. 241. Saturday, January 14th, 1911. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, at 67, Long Acre, London, W.C., according to whether they relate to Editorial or Business matters.
All editorial enquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

TO ADVERTISERS.

All applications for advertising spaces to be made to Messrs. Odhams Ltd., Advertising Dept., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

LYCEUM. CINDERELLA. TWICE DAILY at 2 and 7.30. Strongest Pantomime Company in London. Popular Prices: 5s. to 6d.; Seats Booked and Reserved from 2s. 6d. Special Children's Prices for Matinées. Box Office 'Phone 7617-8-9, Gerr. (3 lines).

DALY'S THEATRE. Every Evening at 8, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Production of A WALTZ DREAM. Music by OSCAR STRAUS. Matinée, Saturdays at 2.

THE PLAYHOUSE, Charing Cross. CYRIL MAUDE. Every Evening at 9, A SINGLE MAN. By Hubert Henry Davies. At 8.30. "Between the Soup and the Savoury." Mat., Weds., Sats., 2.30.

The John Bull League.

PLYMOUTH AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

EX-LIEUT. ALLAN SUTOR
WILL ADDRESS
A PUBLIC MEETING
IN
THE GUILDHALL, PLYMOUTH,
TO-NIGHT (THURSDAY), JANUARY 12th, 1911.
Doors open 7.30 p.m. Commence at 8 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH.

TEMPERANCE HALL, TEMPLE STREET, BIRMINGHAM.
EX-LIEUT. ALLAN SUTOR
Will Deliver an Address on
"THE ARMY—FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT."
TO-MORROW (FRIDAY), JANUARY 13th, 1911.
Doors open at 7.30 p.m. Commence at 8 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE.

LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT BRANCH.

GRAND WHIST DRIVE
LIVERPOOL ASSEMBLY ROOMS,
HARDMAN STREET,
THURSDAY, JANUARY 19th, 1911.
Commence at 7 p.m.
Tickets (price 1s. 6d.) can be obtained from the Hon. Local Secretary (MR. G. S. HAINES), 48, Woodlands Road, Aigburth, Liverpool, S.

HULL BRANCH.

GRAND SMOKING CONCERT
WILL BE HELD AT
THE WHITE HORSE HOTEL, CARR LANE,
On FRIDAY, JANUARY 20th, 1911.
Doors open at 7.30 p.m. Commence at 8 p.m., prompt. ADMISSION FREE.
First-Class Artistes will appear.

LEEDS BRANCH.

THE PRESIDENT WILL ADDRESS
A PUBLIC MEETING IN THE
LEEDS TOWN HALL,
ON THURSDAY, JANUARY 26th, 1911.
Further particulars will be announced

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

THE EDITOR'S ILLNESS.

We are pleased to state that at the time of going to press the Editor's health shows symptoms of improvement, but, for the first time since the establishment of JOHN BULL, he has been precluded from taking an active part in the journal's production.

THE TORY REVOLT.

The movement for a change in the present leadership of the Unionist Party is being skilfully engineered by some of the Young Bloods—with a view to its breaking out—spontaneously, of course!—when Parliament meets.

REDUCING ELECTION EXPENSES.

Is the Prime Minister aware that certain of his colleagues, during the recent Election, utilised Government stationery for their Parliamentary Addresses, and had them franked in official envelopes?

THE HOUR AWAITS THE MAN.

In publishing, on another page, an interesting article on "The Failure of the Labour Party," we are actuated by none other than the friendliest intentions. At no time in the history of our country was there more scope for a vigorous, well-organised and sane Labour campaign—but the Party will never prosper with men like Keir Hardie and Ramsay Macdonald at its head. Here is an opportunity for Will Crooks—if only he would take it!

THE NEW YEAR'S HONOURS.

We overheard a party of musicians discussing the New Year's honours, and they were very emphatic in their opinion that a Knighthood ought to be given to a certain celebrated conductor. Now, a conductor is merely a minister to our pleasures. Why, then, not give baronetcies to pre-eminent head waiters? If to head waiters, why not to cooks? If to cooks, why not to . . . . ?

TAKING IT LYING DOWN.

Up to the time of going to press, Messrs. Spiers and Pond have not honoured us with a reply to our article on how they defrauded the public at Christmas-time.

SINGERS SING SMALL.

Nor, by the way, have the Singer Sewing Machine Company yet instituted any proceedings against us in regard to the grave allegation we recently made against them, that they were in the habit of palming off as new, at new prices, second-hand machines which they had seized for non-payment of instalments of purchase money.

A Captain Bold.

In an astounding speech at Lisburn, Captain Craig, M.P., announced that in a short time the Unionist clubs would be reorganised, "and he would advise all the young men of the countryside to join and to employ some old soldiers to train them in military tactics, and then—God help Mr. Birrell and the Nationalists if they came near them." "A great deal of the energy and expense would be better expended," he had previously said, "if Ulster took her own firm stand and spent the money hitherto used in the sister countries in buying arms and ammunition now and declaring, 'You are not going to make us have Home Rule and we are not going to have it, no matter at what cost.'" This may be very patriotic and sincere on the part of Captain Craig, but many an Irish Nationalist M.P. went to Kilmainham in the old days for language less inflammatory. Our advice to the gallant member is to keep his powder dry. It will never be wanted. Home Rule, when it comes, will be nothing very terrible —and it *may* come from the Conservatives.

Level Crossings.

Three children were killed and several others seriously injured at the level railway crossing between Bolsover and Carrvale, in Derbyshire, on Christmas Eve. About a-year-and-a-half since there was a fatal accident at the same crossing. The Urban Council and the Great Central Railway Company know very well that it is highly dangerous—a village death-trap, in fact. That was made clear at the previous inquest; it is made clearer now by this new slaughter of the innocents. A bridge over the crossing would make it safe. But neither the railway company nor the Urban Council has done anything to mitigate the danger. Apparently neither of them ever will do anything, at least, not until a Great Central Railway Company's locomotive is driven over one of its own railway directors or over the Chairman of the Council. Surely it is a clear case for the interference of the Board of Trade? We shall, therefore, look for an exhibition of departmental force to compel the construction of a bridge over that crossing, let who will or must pay for it. Surely the public are not to be slaughtered because the Urban Council and the railway company are quarrelling as to which of them shall provide the ha'pence?

Slate Clubs.

In strict accordance with the manners and customs of the season, several Slate Club secretaries disappeared with the cash-box when they saw Christmas coming. It is now suggested in one of the morning papers that committees should more closely watch the secretaries and also relieve them of all monetary responsibility. In this case, may we suggest that a policeman should watch the committees?

Coronation Claims.

While appreciating loyalty and old-fashioned ideas, we confess that some of the Coronation claims strike us as a bit absurd. We can understand people who like to take part in historic ceremonies and to wear gorgeous uniforms, and generally make a fine display. But it does seem like a chapter in a fairy story, or a piece of childish play-acting, when you have a solemn court composed of such serious persons as Lord Morley, the philosopher, the Lord Chancellor, the Master of the Rolls, etc., devoting their great intellects to the discussion of whether certain people shall carry rods, or have silver batons, or provide a glove for the King's right hand, or support His Majesty's right arm while he is holding the sceptre. Fancy presenting petitions and spending time, not to mention money, on mystifications of this kind! Evidently we still do enjoy a bit of play-acting, in spite of all our hustling and strenuous civilisation.

His Parole.

The French newspapers are very much amused by the case of a man in London who was brought up before the magistrate for having failed to pay a fine. He pointed out that he had no money, and argued that it would be very hard to have to spend his Christmas in prison. Thereupon the magistrate said to him, "Very well, celebrate Christmas in the best possible way and then constitute yourself a prisoner on the 28th of December." But it does not seem to have occurred to anyone that, if the poor man could not pay his small fine, he was not very likely to be able to enjoy Christmas with any great degree of hilarity. However, that is evidently his concern and, if he is pleased, it is not for us to grumble.

A French Licensing Bill.

The French are at last awaking to the possibilities of a liquor question. It has occurred to them that there are too many dram-shops within their borders. Certainly one for every thirty adult males sounds excessive, if only because of the natural limitations of even the most thirsty. With thirty clients only per shop, the trade must surely be a decaying industry. French legislators, however, are not concerned with that economic fact so much as with their moral duty to the community. Accordingly, the Senate is now discussing a law for limiting public-houses, and we rather like the argument that a distinction should be made between wines and spirits, on the ground that wine is a hygienic liquor, whereas spirits are a poison. We are also struck by the innocence of the argument that the restriction of dram-shops will "substitute the consumption of wine for that of spirits, help agriculture by encouraging the production of wine, and, at the same time, keep men employed upon the land when they would otherwise naturally drift into bar-tending." Doesn't it all read like a burlesque of recent discussions in this country? We shall watch the progress of this legislation with curiosity. But, as we are not spiteful, we should like to whisper in the ears of Senators that they had better stop in time, as otherwise they will soon find themselves landed in all the pitfalls of licensing laws, vested interests, compensation, &c., &c. Poor dear Senators! They little know what they are letting themselves in for!

The "Noelites."

A peculiarly foolish idea seems to have occurred to an advertiser, who invites all persons born on Christmas Day to join what he calls "A Noelite Society." We do not see what particular bond, or association of ideas, or reason for founding a society, can be found in the fact of a common birthday. We should not even experience any particular desire to dine with a man because he happened to be born on the same day of the same month as ourselves. Noelite children, however, might claim some compensation for the fact that they get only one set of presents in the course of the year. The *Daily Mail* says that "it is probable that in every 365 or 366 persons there is one Noelite." But surely more people are born in the winter than in any other season of the year, spring being the mating time for human beings as well as for birds.

The Two Peters.

The *Evening Standard* says that "the open advocacy of physical violence against foreign rulers should be sharply punished, in fact, as well as in theory." We do not quite understand the proposition for theoretical punishment, but we protest against the idea of any interference with critics of Peter the Painter—we beg pardon, Peter the Regicide. Of the two, we prefer Peter the Painter, for he does not commit his crimes by deputy and cower and cringe and attract the amenities of civilised states.

"THE" DUKE.

The title, "*the* Duke," has been too hackneyed to be applied to the King's uncle. It used to mean the victor of Waterloo. It was applied by the small remnant of Unionist Free Traders to a sleepy nobleman who has now gone to his long rest. Perhaps, one day—who knows?—it may be used to indicate His Grace of Marlborough and America.

CHEATING THE SUN.

We have ridiculed the amiable gentleman who sought to improve our lives and "save daylight" by putting the clock back and trying to induce us to get up with the lark. But here are the French deliberately determining to adopt Greenwich time. As this is not their time at all, they will be merely altering their clocks and trying to cheat the sun, like Joshua. It is very pretty and polite of them to take their horological fashions from us.

STRETCHING THE ENTENTE.

The *entente cordiale* is all very well, but we do hope it is not going to lead to the threatened Franco-British campaign in the Soudan. If the French cannot manage their African colonies, why should we pull their chestnuts out of the fire? Besides, we know those African expeditions, and we do not know—we shall never know—whither they may lead. They begin with a fine flourish of trumpets, and the papers talk of military promenades, but presently we hear of disasters; we are driven to supplementary expeditions, we spend millions of money, and in the end no one is a whit the better or the wiser. To paraphrase the observations of an eminent statesman, sanguinary excursions are the very deuce.

POLICE NEROS.

We protest against policemen being disguised as chair-menders in order to obtain evidence against bookmakers. The time of public servants, not to mention their expenses, ought not to be wasted in trivial persecutions of this kind when there is so much more important work for the police to do. How many murderers are at present at large?

POST-PRANDIAL PLATITUDES.

The hospitalities of the London Guildhall offer expansive moments to the oratorical, and when the Lord Mayor entertained the officers of the United States Navy, Commander Sims undeniably made the most of the occasion, in declaring with his hand upon his gallant bosom, that "if the time ever came when the British Empire was seriously menaced by an external enemy, it was his belief that we might count on every man, every dollar, and every drop of the blood of our kindred across the sea." Unfortunately for the Commander, somebody has been complaining that his sentiments exceeded in generosity what they lacked in diplomacy. If only we could rely on them! There would be no fear then for the peace of the world.

A QUESTION.

Let it be distinctly understood that in what follows we make no allegation against anybody—at present. Our only purpose is to ask the Chief Officer of the London County Council tramways, "on information received," whether it is the case that inspectors attached to the Finsbury traffic department are periodically informed that their reports against drivers, conductors, and other employees are below the average, that if there is no "improvement" their services will be no longer required, and that, in several instances, the threat has been carried out? Perhaps the Chairman of the Highways Committee, or Mr. Bruce, will throw light on the vague suggestion at which we indirectly hint

THE ANARCHIST'S VADE MECUM.

Not long ago there was a great outcry for the suppression of a certain book which explained how locks can be picked. We may even have jeered at it as the burglar's vade mecum. Now an evening paper, inspired by the Houndsditch hullabaloo, gives minute instructions how to manufacture explosives, even how to use them; also the most scientific methods of opening safes by means of blowpipes. Evidently the criminal classes have friends in Grub Street, if not at Court.

JUSTICE GRANTHAM AGAIN.

We are afraid we cannot altogether acquit some of our judges of indiscretions very nearly resembling contempt of their own Courts. After a dispute about the right of using a plot of ground, a poacher shot two men. Thereupon, Mr. Justice Grantham, in sentencing the offender, observed that this was an example of what would prevail under Socialism. "There would be no ownership of property. Everybody would be seizing the first bit they could get hold of, and then somebody else would come along and shoot them or fight them for it." Now we are very far from being upholders of Socialism, but we do not at all agree with this Judge's views about the effects of that heresy. Under Socialism there would probably be no private property, but certainly all land would belong to the State, and anyone who tried to appropriate it would be dealt with far more sternly than under the present system. He would be adjudged guilty of high treason, rather than of trespass or petty larceny. His Lordship may reply that that is a matter of opinion. Yes, but he has no business to give his individual views on controversial matters when he is acting in an official capacity and sentencing people from the Bench. By the way, when does his Lordship contemplate retirement?

THE GERMAN OFFICIAL.

While we are on the topic of Courts and legal procedure, let us turn to Germany. As a general rule, we should expect extreme severity for the most trivial offences in that police-Emperor-ridden land. And very often we should be quite right. We were once very nearly run in at Hanover Station for complaining about the rudeness and drunkenness of a German guard. All sorts of big personages, with gold lace and magnificent uniforms, gathered round us, and, murmuring together that this was an insult to an Imperial official, it was touch and go that we were allowed to continue our journey.

ONE LAW FOR THE YOUNG.

We mention this because it illustrates a contrast in railway administration. You must not breathe a word against the sobriety of the gentleman who collects your tickets—and expects half-a-mark for fetching you a glass of beer and a sausage-sandwich, by the way. But if you try to wreck a train, if you endanger the lives of dozens of innocent people, that is quite another story. A number of students belonging to aristocratic corps at Bonn amused themselves one day not long ago by putting logs and other obstacles on the track of an express. Happily, their practical joke was perceived in time and no lives were lost. After some hesitation, it was decided to prosecute, and the Courts have now given judgment. One of the offenders was acquitted, another was sentenced to a fine of 30s., and another, who did not deny the charge at all, was actually mulcted to the tune of £2 10s. Evidently students may amuse themselves quite cheaply in Prussia.

BELLS ARE "GOING."

The Bath Chamber of Commerce is up in arms against "the knells of church bells," as Mr. Charles, one of the members, puts it. We trust this famous old health resort has not become the centre of a dying industry.

MERELY GALLIC COURTESY?

The French are really getting very polite, and visitors to Paris notice a decided change in the French attitude towards them. Even the French newspapers, which have always found it very hard to avoid the expression of spite, are quite nice about our elections. We have been looking through a bundle, and venture to transcribe a couple of characteristic observations. The *Lanterne* says that France has been "the great initiator, the indefatigable apostle of progress." That sounds a bold statement, when we remember the extremely unprogressive, not to say violent, character of the French Revolution and Empire. However, we will not quarrel with the boast, but quote the conclusion: "This is to say that the utmost sympathy is assured for the cause of the English people, which, on the ruins of its old aristocratic citadel, is now proceeding to build up a new city." Then we have *L'Humanité*, which is run by that remarkable democrat Monsieur Jaurès: "None can dream without horror of the possibility of English vitality being enfeebled. A strong and active England is more than ever necessary to the world. But neither in England nor in any other country in the world can the national bonds be strengthened by a pillar of condemned conservatism and scarcely attenuated privilege." Hurrah! But when shall we begin to see even an attempt to establish democracy in the Republic of France?

THE ULSTER TROUBLE.

We are pulled over hot coals, face downwards, for advising a reader not to become an Orangeman; also, in further expiation of our sin, doomed to read from the "Book of Laws and Ordinances" the qualifications of membership for an Orange lodge. Among other things, therefore, we are now enlightened that an Orangeman should not only be distinguished in Protestant piety, but "should moreover be in conduct wise and prudent, honest and temperate, in disposition gentle and compas ionate, in behaviour kind and courteous, cultivating the society of the good and shunning the society of the evil." Far be it from us to disparage, discountenance, criticise, assail, or boycott ideals so beautiful and obligations so Christian, but when we find representative Irish Orangemen advising applauding brethren to go and get their guns and bayonets with intent to shoot fellow creatures whose only offence is that they wish to secure for the Irish people the management of their own affairs, we are naturally led to believe that the amount of backsliding among Orangemen constitutes a menace to the public peace. Because Erin receives Home Rule, is that a reason why the truthful, just, kind, brotherly, charitable, wise, prudent, temperate, gentle, compassionate, and courteous Irish Orangemen should bore all the rest of the population with shot holes and stick them with bayonets? Why, such a St. Bartholomew could not even be justified as an example of the New Humour.

THE ALIEN CRIMINAL.

There is at least one alteration in the Aliens' Act which might work to the advantage of this country. It is not sufficient that a criminal alien certified for deportation should be put aboard a boat and unshipped at the nearest continental port. If an alien criminal is a Russian, for instance, in most cases Russia would no doubt be glad to have him returned. Thither he should be sent, and once in the hands of the Russian police his chances of entering this country for a few years would in many cases be exceedingly remote. But when he is dropped at Boulogne or Calais, he as often as not returns after a while, changed in appearance and under another name. As to keeping out alien criminals altogether, we believe it is impossible.

DE MINIMIS.

The fact that one man's meat is another man's poison is well illustrated by the grumbling of some of the small stationers who allege that the Postmaster-General's free postcards will ruin the sale of their penny packets. That this side-line of the small stationer will very seriously suffer is, of course, anticipation rather than realisation, but it may be admitted that to some extent, at any rate, it probably will. On the other hand, it should be recognised that people who purchase penny packets of postcards are, as a rule, those who use very few of them, and do not feel justified in locking up a capital of 3d. for weeks in order to spend a ha'penny instanter.

A DUBIOUS PLEDGE.

Having got drunk, disorderly, and recklessly vociferous on Christmas night, a Canterbury man was run in by a policeman and let off by Messrs. Hammond and West, local teetotal J.P.'s, on payment of a fine of five shillings, plus an undertaking to sign the pledge. "Defendant s'gned the pledge," says the police court chronicler. Presumably, if he had not done so, they would have fined him more heavily. It is a curious method of administering justice, and we have some doubts as to its lasting efficacy in the case. But we join the band of hope.

POLITICAL BLASPHEMY.

From time to time during the General Election we received local newspapers, containing marked passages of speeches made by candidates and their supporters on the party platforms. Many of these passages were disgustingly blasphemous, others were the mere cant of religion, embroidering the humbug of party, and we did not refer to a hundredth of them. So far as the passages were written, denial was impossible; so far as they were spoken, we were quite prepared for repudiation as soon as attention was drawn to them. Take the case of the *Eastbourne Gazette* and the Rev. J. Clennel, a local minister. The rev. gentleman was reported to have stated at a meeting, "I cannot see how a man can be a follower of Jesus Christ and be a Tariff Reformer." On a protest being made at the end of the meeting, he tried to explain this utterance away, with the result that his actual words were quoted against him in the *Gazette*, apparently from the shorthand note of a hearer—"In my opinion, no man who is a Tariff Reformer can be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ." Scandalous, isn't it?

THE END AND THE MEANS.

That is a rather casuistical argument which a Roman Catholic paper asks us to face, in reference to what we recently said about a lottery circular sent out to aid the funds of a London Roman Catholic church. Briefly, it is argued that "a 'sweep' made in connection with horse-racing, for instance, is gambling for gambling's sake; but a lottery, the proceeds of which are to go towards the funds for the renovation of a church, is not so, because the primary object of the subscribers is to raise a fund for the charitable purpose. That is an important difference to be remembered." To cut a long answer short, the Church justifies the means, and evil (if evil) may be done that good may come. What a beautiful proposition of ethics!

A STEPNEY BLENHEIM.

"The Home Secretary stood unmoved while other spectators ran to cover." This is from an Opposition paper, so we may waive away any idea of prejudice or predilection. What a Home Secretary it is! Even the bitterest enemies must exclaim: "What a sportsman!" Perhaps future generations may whisper: "What a Prime Minister!"

PUBLIC SERVANTS AND CHRISTMAS BOXES.

A Tooting correspondent wants to know why Government servants—such as postmen—and Borough Council employees—such as lamplighters and dustmen—should be permitted to come round begging a day or two after every Christmas without being arrested by the police. "They should be run in, and taken before the beak." The spectacle of Government servants begging from door to door is not a nice one, but in practice it really means that we prefer to pay in Christmas-boxes what we refuse to pay as wages.

THE LOUTH BENCH.

The Louth magistrates evidently wish to set themselves up as patrons of popular amusements; at any rate, when a man was brought before them on a charge of stabbing four cows with a handfork "because," as he said, "they would not get out of my way," they fined him 10s., including costs. However, we suppose it is all right. Their worships didn't feel the fork.

SEALED REVOLVERS FOR THE POLICE.

A young police officer tells us that it is one of the regulations of the Force that, in cases where a constable anticipates personal danger, he may be provided with a *sealed* revolver, so that if when returning from duty the seal is broken, he may be called upon to give an account of what has happened. There's business management for you! The only improvement we can suggest is that the seal should not be broken except in the presence of a witness!

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT":—

At Cardiff Railway Station.

FIRST WELSHMAN: Lloyd George is coming by the next train.

SECOND WELSHMAN: What if he is?—he's not the Deity.

FIRST WELSHMAN: May be not, may be not—*but he's a comparatively young man yet!*

JOHN BULL'S BOOKSHELF.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICES.

AGE.—Biscuits are not given to general servants "3 to 99," or to veterans of 6 years of age. The ages of the former are often inscrutable, while the latter may be enjoying their second childhood.

PATENT MEDICINES.—We do not give biscuits to patent medicine vendors for the injunction to the public to get "the same pills as Mr. Robinson had."

BRIDEGROOMS.—No more wedding cake for these harmless, necessary adjuncts when they go away "in a costume of rose-de-vieux, trimmed with glace, with hat to match." They evidently foresee who is destined to wear the breeches, and they are lucky to get away at all.

MARRIAGES IN THE DEATHS' COLUMN.—No biscuits for these. They are often the grave of love.

LODGERS.—No biscuits for widows who want young men to share room. Most of them do.

For stating: "Only on Saturday a PAIR OF LITTLE BOYS *were to be seen going down an Eastney street in* ONE *of 'our jerseys,"*

THE PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising: "Q.M.S.'s TROUSERS; *height, 5 ft 7 ins.; waist, 36 ins.;* BREAST, *40 ins.,"*
"TUNIC" (c.o. *THE SAPPER*, CHATHAM)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "When asked for their names, Branagan said his name was Lanigan, but subsequently GAVE HIS RIGHT NAME AND ADDRESS, *which* TURNED OUT TO BE FALSE,"

THE DUBLIN EVENING MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "A thrush's nest containing five eggs has been discovered at Dane End, near Hertford, and a BLACKSMITH'S *nest with two eggs in some ivy at Burnham-on-Crouch,"*

THE WORCESTERSHIRE ECHO
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

*For advertising in the "Wanted" column of the "Evening News": "*GRAMOPHONE; *hornless preferred, tailor is willing to make* CLOTHES TO MEASURE FOR SAME,"
"S. 856"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "It was a December night in London, cold and BRIGHT, DRY *and exhilarating; a* MISTY *windy night with a crescent moon hanging low over St. Stephen's,"*

THE "UNION JACK LIBRARY"
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating (according to the "Hull Daily Mail") in his report to the Committee of that Institution, that, since the extension of the Museum "almost every available morning had been occupied in giving lectures to SCHOLARS ATTENDING COUNCIL SCHOOLS ON BIRDS,"

THE CURATOR OF THE HULL MUSEUM
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising: "Our remaining stock of infants' pelisses, GREATLY REDUCED, FROM 2s. 11¾d. *to* 21s.,"

MESSRS. SPRATT & SONS (Forest Gate)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

For stating that: "Prisoner said he was so DEAF *through an accident that* HE COULD NOT WALK STRAIGHT,"

THE WILLESDEN CHRONICLE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its description of the siege of the Police Murderers, that the soldiers "took up their weapons again and poured fresh volleys into the house, hoping by the persistence of their shooting and the ACCURACY OF THEIR AIM *to send a* CHANCE SHOT *into the bodies of their hidden opponents,"*

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising: "All the ANIMALS *in 'the Jungle'* (INCLUDING THE MANAGEMENT) *wish their Thousands upon Thousands of friends of Sheffield and district all the New Year wishes they wish themselves,"*

THE PROPRIETORS OF "THE JUNGLE"
(SHEFFIELD)
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

"MIXED" BRIDGE CLUBS—AND WHAT COMES OF THEM.

THE EVIL INFLUENCE OF SOME MODERN HAUNTS OF GREED AND WEAKNESS.

Among the most remarkable features of modern social life in London are what are known as "Mixed" Bridge Clubs. The adjective officially denotes that both sexes are eligible for membership, but it is capable of another interpretation. The prime object of these clubs is to enable men and women Bridge enthusiasts to meet every afternoon and evening on neutral ground for a quiet rubber. Nothing could be more harmless than this; but, as will be seen later on, the actual and ultimate result is something quite different.

Society Singeing its Wings.

To all outward appearances many o these clubs are decorous concerns enough. One of them, in the West End, till recently numbered among its members a Duchess, the sister-in-law of a Duchess, and a fair sprinkling of minor Peeresses. Bridge is a Society game, and for a time Society patronised certain mixed clubs, until their true character became self-evident.

The usual points are ten shillings a hundred, though at one notorious club they are anything the members like to play for, and often run as high as £5. Now, Bridge at 10s. a hundred may be within the compass of a bachelor comfortably off, but when the wife of a young professional man with an income of £700 or £800 a year plays the same points and loses steadily, all sorts of things may happen—and they do.

A week of bad luck may easily result in a loss of £15 or more. The loser's husband, if he is a good sort, will pay this without demur, but when the loss continues for a month, even the most long-suffering of husbands is apt to kick. In such cases the wife, if *she* is a good sort, sees the folly of her ways, cuts her losses and resigns her membership. Unfortunately, Bridge-playing women are not a good sort, as a rule. They prefer their cards to their home. Incessant squabbling with their husbands over money soon destroys what self-respect they possess, and the next step is almost inevitable.

"Owing" Gambling Debts.

One fine day some young woman, after such an experience as is related above, finds herself at the end of a rubber with no money to pay what she has lost. She would die rather than ask a favour of another woman, but it is ten to one that one of her opponents happens to be a man. So she turns to him and says—(how hackneyed the formula has become!)—"Do you mind if I owe you for this rubber?" Of course, he has to say that he does not mind in the least, and, as a matter of fact, he often really does not, if the woman happens to be attractive. Indeed, it is just what he has been waiting for. If her luck happens to turn the same day, she may pay him back, but what much more generally happens is that her luck goes from bad to worse, and she is compelled to get deeper into his debt. From owing money to a strange man, it is only a natural transition to begin to borrow from him. And this is where "mixed" Bridge Clubs are a veritable plague spot.

The male members of these clubs include well-to-do men of certain age and uncertain reputation, with a fondness for female society. They have outgrown the period of mere crude amours, and use mixed Bridge Clubs simply as houses of assignation. As one of them once remarked to the writer, "The women one meets at———" (naming a well-known club in the West End) "are really much more interesting and intelligent than chorus girls, and are on the whole less expensive."

In addition to the lady members who are married women, many are well connected, unmarried women with, perhaps, a small income of their own, or an allowance from their parents. Most of them are not really vicious at all, only weak, and if Bridge Clubs had never been invented they would in all probability have run straight; but the fatal lack of money, and ample opportunity, proves their downfall. It does not require any great knowledge of the world to see what must be the outcome of a young and pretty girl with an income of, say, £150 a year, playing Bridge regularly with strange men whose incomes run into many thousands.

Generally, the gifts of money take the form of a "loan," but occasionally more roundabout methods are adopted. In one club, some time ago, it was noticed that at the end of the day's play one of the lady members used to have two or three rubbers of double dummy with an exceedingly wealthy man, who was evidently greatly smitten with her. These double dummy rubbers were a mere blind. They were always for high points, and, needless to say, the lady invariably won. By this simple ruse, she could always ensure getting back in half-an-hour at least as much as she had lost during the afternoon's play, and probably a bit more to go on with. The Committee were perfectly cognisant of what was going on, but failed to take any action, because they were afraid of offending the man, who was one of the most influential members. It was common knowledge, too, among the members what these double dummy rubbers meant, but the general feeling was one of frank admiration for the financial genius of the lady.

A Fatal Fascination.

Now and then there is a scandal, but it is generally kept out of the papers. Sometimes a husband grows suspicious of his wife's new-found wealth. He refuses to believe her story that it has all been won at Bridge. He makes enquiries, hears the truth, and then comes the smash. A really pathetic case of this kind occurred only a few months back. There was a young married couple living in the neighbourhood of Queen's Gate, who, before the wife took to playing Bridge, were always regarded by their friends as a model of conjugal happiness and affection. The husband was a hard-working, clever young barrister, with a successful career in front of him, and his wife was a particularly charming woman, with a taste for music and art, and all the better things of life; but her passion for Bridge became an obsession with her. She became a victim to it, just as surely as the opium smoker yields to the fascination of the deadly drug. Her husband's income was not sufficient to enable her to pay her losses, which were heavy and persistent, and she ultimately got into the clutches of an unscrupulous man-about-town, whom she met at her Bridge Club. To-day, the husband is a broken-hearted man, living alone, while the wife earns a precarious existence at provincial music-halls.

Sordid Greed.

Apart, however, from those women who make money illegitimately in mixed clubs, there are others who earn quite a handsome income by their skill and good fortune. They have no attractions of form or face, no particular liking for the opposite sex, and are frankly business-like. They play Bridge because they make money out of it. If they hold bad cards at one table, they cut into another, quite indifferent as to any inconvenience their action may cause to the other players. This is, of course, the very negation of the sporting spirit, and would not be tolerated for a moment in a man's club. But in mixed clubs it is regarded merely as part of the programme.

Pretentious and vulgar, supported for the most part by the riff-raff of Society, it would be a great benefit if these clubs could be crushed out of existence.

HOSPITAL INDIFFERENCE.

THE GREAT ORMOND STREET AND ROYAL FREE HOSPITALS.

We have received a visit from Mr. Ernest La Vigne, of 2, Old North Street, Theobald's Road. Mr. La Vigne tells us that on November 26th he took his infant child, six months of age, to the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. The child was suffering from congestion of the lungs, and the visit was made at ten o'clock in the morning. A young doctor came in, in evening dress, and asked Mr. La Vigne if he had a letter. He answered "No." He was then asked what was the matter with the child. Mr. La Vigne said he did not know; he had brought the child to the hospital to be examined. The doctor made no answer, but gave a mixture for the baby and said he was not old enough to go into the hospital. The father did not accept the mixture, because the doctor had not examined the child. Returning to his home with the child, Mr. La Vigne called in Dr. Sumner, of 11, Russell Square, who said that the child was suffering from bronchial pneumonia. Dr. Sumner called again the next morning and said the child was very ill, and must be watched day and night, certifying that it should be taken into the hospital, as it could not get proper attention at home.

With this certificate Mr. La Vigne went to the Royal Free Hospital on Thursday, December 29th. There they said that the child was not ill enough to be taken in, but promised to give a letter to an infirmary, which they did not do. Mr. La Vigne said "You must take the child, as I cannot afford to pay 5s. a visit." To this the doctor replied, "5s. is not much, and 10s. is not dear." He told Mr. La Vigne to go to the Jewish Board of Guardians. Mr. La Vigne said he was not a Jew, and leaving the hospital took the baby home. He sent for Dr. Sumner, but he could not come, as he had a big case in hand, and sent Dr. MacLeod, of 39, Lamb's Conduit Street. By that time the child was unconscious. Dr. MacLeod told the father to watch the infant very carefully, as he was very ill, and would die. He died at 4.30 on the same day of bronchial pneumonia and heart failure.

THE INTERNATIONAL TEA COMPANY.

SOMETHING LIKE WHITE SLAVERY.

Recently we had occasion to refer to this company and the death of a young girl, one of its cashiers. Our attention has now been directed to proceedings taken at Hastings, where the company was summoned for employing at its St. Leonard's shop young people under the age of 18 years for a longer period than is allowed by the Act.

The three young people were lads aged 15, 17 and 17, respectively, and it was alleged that they had worked for 81 hours, 25 minutes, as against the 74 hours allowed by the Act. What made the case worse was the fact that these boys were apprentices, who were with the company to learn the business. The company made no defence and was fined £1 and costs in each case.

The punishment is inadequate, but we hope it may suffice to prevent the managers of this concern continuing to defy the law.

A PAUPER AND HIS LEG.

RED-TAPE DELAY.

James Ryan, a shoemaker, is now in the Chelsea Workhouse. In 1873 he was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for housebreaking. Whilst serving his time at Portsmouth, and employed shifting a block of iron at the back of the Governor's house, some of the metal fell on his thigh. Amputation becoming necessary, the authorities made him a bucket leg, and when he left gaol in 1878 they gave him £10 as compensation. From that time until last autumn Ryan used the leg. In October he petitioned the Home Secretary for a new one. In answer, a Police officer came down from Scotland Yard to see him, and two or three days after the Master of the Workhouse sent for him and told him that the Home Office authorities wanted him to send the artificial leg to be examined, to see what could be done with it. Accordingly, it was sent, and he has been on crutches ever since. That is now some eight weeks ago. Ryan has again applied to the Home Office, but is still without his leg.

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS AND DISAPPOINTED CHILDREN.

A TYPICAL INSTANCE OF SALVATION ARMY CHARITY-MONGERING.

Some time before Christmas our contemporary, the *Daily Mirror*, started a Christmas Pudding Fund. The charitable were asked to send money in order that children of the poor and destitute might enjoy Christmas puddings. It was a kindly thought, and Queen Alexandra, ever to the front in kindly deeds, showed her appreciation of the Fund by sending the cost of 100 puddings. Properly conducted, it would have been a great pleasure to many young people, but it is worse than useless to supply puddings of a kind that cannot be eaten. Some days ago we had sent for our inspection one of these puddings, and later we have had a visit from John Culliss, of 45, Chetwode Road, Upper Tooting. He brought another of them. Culliss, who is a baker by trade, is paralysed, and consequently unable to work. He has 9 children, and when he received a notification from the Ladies' Samaritan Society to go to the National Hospital for the Paralysed, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, when he would receive four Christmas puddings, his little ones were naturally delighted. It was not an easy journey for a man placed as Culliss is, and it cost him, all told, 10d. When he arrived he was given the puddings, and when he got home he looked at them. They were all uneatable. We have examined the one he has left with us, and we have no dog who would consent to give it a second sniff. Apparently, it is made of soaked stale bread with a few currants thrown in. It is mildewed throughout, and is as heavy as lead. No child could eat it without risking serious illness.

We are quite sure that the proprietors of the *Daily Mirror* would greatly regret the disappointment caused to the thousands of children who hoped to benefit by the Fund, and that they were not aware of the way in which the Salvation Army authorities, whom they had instructed to make the puddings, had acted. We think the "Army" owes an explanation to those who have subscribed to the Fund, but we do not anticipate that they will offer it.

LONDON PURE MILK ASSOCIATION.

AN OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION DESIRABLE.

On July 16th last we pointed out that the report of this Company was highly unsatisfactory, that the figures of the balance-sheet were essentially misleading, and that the shareholders would do well to appoint a Committee of Investigation. On December 2nd the directors sent out a circular to shareholders inviting them to subscribe a further sum of £15,000, being the minimum amount necessary to meet immediate requirements and "to develop the growing business of the Association." Acting upon our advice, the shareholders declined to find the new capital, only 400 shares being applied for, and on December 22nd the Secretary issued notice of a meeting on December 30th to consider the advisability of voluntarily winding-up the concern. The meeting was held in due course, and the only matter in dispute was whether the Association should be wound up voluntarily or under the supervision of the Court. Those present were in favour of the latter course, but the directors were able, by means of proxies, to carry the resolution. We think it would have been better if the winding-up had been under the supervision of the Court.

THE WOLVERHAMPTON WAY?

A REPROACH TO CIVILIZATION.

A correspondent sends us a cutting from a Wolverhampton paper in which it is stated that a batch of prisoners from some neighbouring town were being conveyed from Wolverhampton to Stafford Gaol. Among them was a man apparently dressed only in a sack, cut away at the end and sides to allow the head and arms to pass through. He was barefooted, barelegged, and bare-armed. We agree with the *Midland Evening News*, from whom we have quoted, that, if this be a fact, it is a reproach to the town. It is bad enough in the summer, when we have heard of men convicted of destroying their clothes in a police cell being taken to gaol in this way, but in the depth of winter, surely such procedure is abominable.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

COULD THE UNDIGNIFIED CIVIL WAR HAVE BEEN AVOIDED?

Last week, when we were in the press, took place the Battle of Stepney. We will not nauseate our readers by repeating the details which have been reported, re-reported, and re-re-reported a thousand times in the newspapers since the incident occurred. But we are anxious to know who was actually responsible for the tactics which necessitated the mobilisation of 1,500 policemen, a company of the Scots Guards with machine guns, and several contingents of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, for the purpose of capturing a couple of anarchists who were known to be sleeping in the second floor front room of a house in Sidney Street. For we have a feeling that this array of force was not only unnecessary, but—what is far worse—undignified.

It is not that we are stung by the cynical merriment of certain of our Continental neighbours in commenting upon the affair—we so often have to laugh at them that we don't grudge them an occasional smile in return. Nor is it that we question for one moment the bravery and efficiency of our Metropolitan police force. But we venture to ask why no efforts were made to apprehend the miscreants alive, in order to try and condemn them according to the form of law.

It is easy, we know, to be wise after the event; and we thoroughly appreciate the anxiety of the authorities to avoid any further casualties of the Houndsditch massacre type. Nevertheless, we refuse to believe that the authorities had exhausted all other possible resources when they gave the order to pour a hail of lead into the windows of the mean house which sheltered the assassins.

In the first place, we maintain that there was no desperate hurry. Having located the ruffians and removed the other inmates of the house from the zone of danger, it was "up against" the officials in command to devise some scheme which would have forced the quarry to break covert. It must be remembered that for nearly two hours during that extraordinary morning the police were actually in the house, and, we understand, outside the door of the room, in which the wanted men were concealed.

There is, we believe, a science called Chemistry. We are also under the impression that certain chemicals under combustion produce a smoke, gas, or vapour guaranteed to stupefy in next to no time all and sundry who may be within range. Why was not such a smoke-cartridge pushed under the door or lowered down the chimney, with the police waiting in readiness on the landing to seize the anarchists when they emerged? Very striking testimony to the efficacy of these smoke-cartridges—commonly used for testing drains—was recently given in our Courts by a tenant claiming damages against his landlord for evicting him by their aid, he alleging that he had been nearly killed by the fumes.

We have also heard from time to time of the demoralising effect of a fire hose upon the most courageous and desperate spirits. Was it impossible to make use of that weapon to some purpose?

We may be told that both the suggestions put forward were impracticable. Perhaps so. But, notwithstanding, we affirm that it would have been more politic even to have starved the men out than to have made such a display of unnecessary force in the streets of Stepney.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A TEMPORARY STAR.

(*Great interest, for the moment, is taken in a new star of the class called Novæ, or Temporary stars, which has been discovered in the northern sky.*)

The sky and stage would seem to be related!
How oft a new star scintillates before us;
A rival dims it, and 'tis relegated,
Remorseless, to the back row of the chorus.

THE BAN OF THE BAG.

(*A doctor says people should never carry their week-end bags to the station. The practice is productive of heart-strain.*)

The week-end leaves weaker the fellow who fags
To the train, bound for Sussex or Hants.
If he'd study his heart, he'll relinquish his bags,
And will travel—nigh breathless—in pants!

RICARDO.

THE IRISH CONSTABULARY.

PERSECUTING THE DUBLIN STREET TRADERS.

In Ulster just now they are talking about taking up arms to resist Home Rule. Wherefore it is not surprising that even a level-headed Belfast policeman, signing himself "A1," should send us a letter emphatically denying our statement that the Irish police have within recent years manufactured crime to justify their existence—and possibly to gain promotion. *Pax vobiscum!* Without filling the columns that might be filled with instances of what the police have been suspected of having done, and have been actually proved to have done, to fill up the Irish way-bill of crime, "A1" may be asked if he has never heard of a member of the force, Sergeant Sheridan, who some time ago was caught red-handed mutilating cattle, and who cleared out of the country with the aid of Dublin Castle, which institution refused to prosecute for reasons of its own.

JOHN BULL interested itself particularly in the matters of Colonel Sir John Ross-of-Bladensburg, and the Dublin Metropolitan Police, who are knouted into harrying publicans and prosecuting all and sundry who "look crooked," to fill up the tale of arrests, and justify the existence of a police force that is twice as large as is required by the city. Since that article appeared, the following resolution was passed by the South Dublin Guardians of the Poor, who ought to know what they are talking about:—

> That we, the Board of Guardians of the South Dublin Union, notice with regret the continued prosecutions by the police authorities of poor street traders, who are trying to earn an honest living in the streets of our city, thereby keeping themselves and their families from starvation or becoming charges on the rates. There is at present a great amount of unemployment, and we consider that, as these poor people are desirous of supporting themselves, no unnecessary hardships should be added to those they already suffer from. That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the four Members of Parliament for the City of Dublin, with a request that the attention of the Chief Secretary for Ireland be called to the matter, with a view to putting a stop to prosecutions in these cases.

Will the appeal to Mr. Birrell and the Members of Parliament for Dublin be effective, having regard to the general order to the police that they must show a certain number of arrests per month or be considered defaulters—in other words, "get the sack"? Meantime a hint has been sent from headquarters to the F Division of the Dublin Metropolitan Police, which advises less keenness—for which the hectored publicans of South Dublin should feel thankful.

MUTUAL PROPERTY INVESTMENT AND ACCIDENT COMPANY, LTD.

CANCELMENT OF POLICIES.

In June, 1908, a cabinet maker, named Bedwell, took out a Sickness and Accident Policy with the above Company. There was no medical examination. In June, 1909, Bedwell became ill with phthisis, and notice was given to the Company's agent. Towards the end of July, the Company's Superintendent called and handed Bedwell's mother a form, entitled "An offer for advanced settlement" for Bedwell to sign. Bedwell was in bed at the time and too ill to see the Agent, but he signed the form, and two months' sick pay, £8 8s., was paid by the Company. A few days later Bedwell received from the Company the following letter:—

> "I have to inform you that the company regret they cannot continue your policy No. 7729; therefore no further premiums will be taken."

One of the hardships of the case is that owing to Bedwell's illness, he would not be accepted by another Insurance Company. It is true that the conditions are endorsed on the back of the Policy, but they are contained in 41 lines of close matter, printed without any punctuation whatever, making it almost unintelligible to a working man. It appears from the conditions that it is optional on the part of the Company to permit the Policy to be kept up, and that any question arising under it must be referred to arbitration. By this means the Company can at once determine a Policy if they find it unremunerative, and can successfully avoid the publicity of the Law Courts. We think, therefore, it is just as well that we should give that publicity.

ASYLUM ATTENDANTS.

GROSS DISPARITY BETWEEN SALARIES OF HIGHER AND LOWER OFFICIALS.

Our attention has been directed to the meagre pay of these humble but useful officials. They have to bear most of the burden and responsibility, and they are underpaid, whilst the higher officials, whose work usually is of a comparatively easy nature, are highly paid.

Take, for example, the position of the attendants at the Brighton County Borough Asylum, Hayward's Heath. They commence at £29 per annum, with uniform and board. If they are married men and live out, an extra 2s. 6d. per week is allowed to help pay their rent, and an extra shilling is granted for washing. The rent of small houses in the neighbourhood is 7s. per week. Their hours of duty are long—averaging 13½ hours per day in winter and 14 in summer for 9 days in succession, and then one day off. An annual holiday of 10 days is allowed, with nothing to spend beyond 15s., which is granted for rations. Compare this with a Superintendent's position, with from £700 to £1,500 a year, and a good house and grounds, which are kept up free of cost to the occupant. The late Superintendent of the Brighton County Borough Asylum has been recently pensioned off at £750 per annum.

MARYLEBONE BAILIFFS.

OTHER CORRESPONDENTS SUPPORT OUR COMPLAINT—AND THE HIGH BAILIFF'S REPLY.

Referring to our recent article, a correspondent writes :—

> My case is similar to that of the Praed Street tradesman. I obtained a judgment over two months ago, and this has been returned to me endorsed "Unable to serve." The man is constantly going backwards and forwards in the district, and openly boasts he cares nothing for the Court and its decrees.

We have also received the following :—

> Many years ago I obtained a judgment summons; the bailiff was quite unable to serve it; but I did within 12 hours what he could not manage to do in 3 months. Now again I have the same difficulty: again I obtained a judgment summons, and again I shall have to serve it, although the man is living at the same address and working for the same large firm as when I applied for the summons, certainly 2 years ago.

Just as we were going to press, we received the following letter from the High Bailiff, Mr. J. Swinford Francis :—

> My attention has been drawn to your Journal of the 31st ult., in which you publish certain allegations of slackness of duty on the part of my officers.
>
> I beg to inform you that on Wednesday last your correspondent made his complaint to the Judge, and His Honour, after hearing your correspondent, the defendant, and all parties concerned, told your correspondent that it was a pity he should have made an inaccurate statement to your journal, and the Judge exonerated my officers from all blame in the matter. I beg to enclose for your perusal a letter dated 1st inst., which I received from your correspondent's defendant.

The letter enclosed, from the person against whom the Committal Order was made, confirms in essentials the judgment creditor's statement to us. We shall have more to say about this matter next week.

"A HIDEOUS SPECTACLE."

POOR WIDOWS HALED TO PRISON ON SCHOOL ATTENDANCE SUMMONSES.

Referring to our article under this heading a Walsall correspondent writes :—

> Men are dragged from their beds in the small hours, generally about 3 o'clock, women a few hours later. More than 200 summonses were issued in one week recently. The fines are from 2s. 6d. to £1, and the imprisonment for non-payment is from three to fourteen days. Widows are imprisoned, and their children left to the mercy of kindly neighbours, or they go to the workhouse. A great many men spend half their lives in prison, or in fear of it, for these so-called school offences.

"MRS. BULL."

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY. PRICE ONE PENNY.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CXXIV.

A MOTHER OF EIGHT CHILDREN IS TOO LATE FOR OUR CHRISTMAS DISTRIBUTION.

Unfortunately, too late to participate in the Christmas distribution, we received an appeal from a mother of eight children for one of the many parcels that were kindly forwarded to this office by our readers. As the condition of the family is an exceptionally sad one, we place it before our readers. Here is the report of our investigator :—

> The family consists of husband, wife and eight children—six of whom are boys, fine, healthy-looking little chaps, ranging in age from twelve to four years. None of them has either boots or stockings, and very little covering otherwise. The eldest is a girl, aged 16 years, and the baby is also a girl, aged 2 years. The eldest girl is at work, and earns 5s. 6d. a week. Out of this she gives her mother 4s. 6d. The odd shilling she keeps for clothes. The father is a painter and decorator. For five weeks before Christmas he was in the infirmary, and for five weeks prior to that he did not earn a penny. He is now fit for work, if he can get it. The family lives in three rooms, the rent of which is 7s. a week. The poor woman has been making strenuous endeavours to keep up the rent payments by pawning articles of wearing apparel, but even with all her endeavours she is five weeks in arrear. The landlord has now given them notice to quit, and if no help is forthcoming, the whole family will soon be turned out into the street. With the exception of three beds, there is no furniture in the rooms. These beds are minus sheets, and, indeed, the only covering is a single blanket apiece. Never have I seen more abject poverty. And, I may add, never have I seen a more promising brood of youngsters. I am convinced that help is well deserved, and that their poverty has been brought about through no fault of the parents—lack of work and illness being the sole cause.

Perhaps some of our readers could find the man work. Any help in the shape of money or clothes which may be sent us will be despatched to the family at once. To any reader who would like to visit them we shall be glad to supply the name and address.

We have received, and duly remitted, the following to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named :—

CVIII.—M. C., Parcel of Toys and Clothing.

CXXI.—"Jessie," 10s.; "Margate," 5s.; "Arrow," 2s. 6d.; "Dorothy D.," 1s.

CXXII.—"Notneb," 3s.; "Country Reader," 2s.

CXXIII.—"Honest Freemason," 5s.; A. W. H., 1s. 6d.; E. and A., 1s.; S. H., 21s.

"BASS, PLEASE!"

With reference to the system to which we referred recently, under which certain retailers, when asked for Bass and other favourite drinks, endeavour to palm off substitutes upon their customers, Messrs. Bass and Co. have just issued the following notice to their tenants :—

> As we are informed that other brands have been occasionally substituted for "Bass" in some of our houses, without the knowledge or consent of the customer, we therefore desire to call the special attention of our tenants to the fact that this is a serious offence, and one that makes the perpetrator liable to an action at law. In all cases where it is not possible to supply the particular brand asked for, care should be taken to obtain the customer's consent before supplying anything in substitution.

We think our readers will agree that Messrs. Bass' timely protest and warning does not err on the side of harshness of language.

"THE MORALS OF BIRMINGHAM."

OLDE ANTIQUE SHOP.

We learn from Birmingham that the police have not as yet taken action against the woman trafficker in children. Why? No doubt Mrs. Luckman, the keeper of the establishment, can supply the answer. Or shall we?

THE NATIONAL DENTAL AID SOCIETY.

We are reforming Kennedy by degrees. He no longer has inscribed on his banner "Under Royal Patronage." The "Royal" has been altered to "Distinguished." Perhaps he will inform us who these distinguished individuals are.

A SOLDIER'S COMPLAINT.

WHAT DOES THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE SAY?

We have had a visit from G. W. McKernon, who complains that the Royal Military College authorities refuse to take him back into their service. The facts are as below :—

On September 12th, 1907, McKernon obtained a situation at the Royal Military College, which he held until June 1st, 1910. On that day he was arrested on a very serious charge in connection with his own daughter. He was duly brought to trial, and the jury disagreed. On October 15th he was tried again before Mr. Justice A. T. Lawrence. At the second trial, as at the first, his daughter gave evidence against him, but upon cross-examination she admitted that there was no truth in her allegations, and that she had brought the charge against her father because he had corrected her shortly before for misconduct. The case against McKernon thereupon failed, and, as was to be expected, Mr. Justice Lawrence made some very servere observations upon the conduct of the daughter, and of the mother, who had also given evidence against her husband.

One cannot imagine a case more deserving of sympathy than this. Mr. McKernon served in the Army for 21 years. We have seen his certificate upon discharge, and this is what we read in it under the head of conduct :—

> Exemplary. Thoroughly sober and reliable, and an excellent house master.

Discharged from the Army in 1907, McKernon went, as we have stated, to the Royal Military College in September of that year. We have ample evidence of his good conduct up to the date of his arrest. A testimonial dated October 28th, 1910, signed by the Quartermaster, Captain Duff, states :—

> G. W. McKernon was employed at the Royal Military College from September 12th, 1907, to June 1st, 1910, during which time he performed his work to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Now, upon the arrest of McKernon the Quartermaster told him, in the presence of the Quartermaster-Sergeant, that if he was acquitted he should be taken back. That was only fair, for surely an innocent man, charged with the abominable offence with which McKernon was charged by his own daughter, deserved all the sympathy and assistance his employers could give him. But when the trial was over, and McKernon applied for re-instatement, he received the following notification, dated October 25th, and signed by Captain Duff :—

> I am directed by the Commandant to inform you that he cannot permit you to resume your work here as a member of the body of employees of this College. He considers your conduct, whilst on bail, has been a scandal, and he cannot countenance it.

Upon receipt of this communication, McKernon wrote to the Commandant and, expressing his surprise, said that there was absolutely no truth in the statement about his misconduct whilst on bail, and asked for an explanation as to what this misconduct was supposed to be. "This," wrote McKernon, "is a very serious matter for me, and casts a slur on those gentlemen who stood bail for me." One would have thought that a letter of this kind would have received an early reply. It was dated November 1, and no acknowledgment having been received on the 13th, McKernon wrote again, threatening proceedings if he did not receive a reply. "I am," he wrote, "determined to find out who has done me this cruel injury." To this he received a curt acknowledgment and nothing more.

McKernon assures us there is not the slightest ground for charging him with misconduct whilst on bail. He refers us to the police concerned in the matter of his trial, who, he says, will bear him out, and he points to the certificate as to character, which we quoted above from the Quartermaster of the College, dated October 25th, that is to say, 10 days after the expiration of the bail. If there had been misconduct during the period of bail, one would have supposed that the College authorities would have known it 10 days after.

We cannot but think that the authorities of the Royal Military College have been misled in this matter, and that it is only necessary for the facts to be put before them for justice is to be done. They are under a distinct obligation to re-employ McKernon, and they are bound in honour to do so.

OUR CHRISTMAS TREATS TO THE POOR.

HOW OUR READERS' GENEROSITY WAS APPRECIATED.

We are now able to give a rough summary of what we were able to do for the poor at Christmas-time—thanks to the generosity of our readers and to the ungrudging and devoted work of a large army of helpers. We distributed nearly 5,000 lbs. of prime beef, 2,000 cwt. of coal and several hundreds of pounds' worth of groceries, together with a large supply of bread and confectionery. This, however, represented the lesser portion of our labours, for we also dealt with several cartloads of second-hand clothing, boots, toys, etc., all of which were carefully sorted, collated and distributed by ladies' committees.

To give extracts from all the letters we have received would require an entire issue of our journal, but we append a few representative ones, which, we feel sure, will bring as much pleasure to those of our readers who contributed to the scheme as they did to ourselves : —

"I have to thank you for your kindness and the present which I received on the 23rd. It was a godsend, as I had nothing to come in, and we should not have got anything at all if it had not been for your kindness."

"I really do not know what we should have done without your help, as my husband only had two days' work for some time."

"I am writing to thank you for your great kindness in sending me a Christmas gift. We were all able to have a bright and happy time, which otherwise we should not have done."

"You have indeed made many a heart happy. Your Christmas gift was just the thing to cheer my dear wife up. We have had a very bad time this last three months."

"I thank you very much for the Christmas gift. It is such a godsend You have lightened my life—it is so cheerful to see a nice fire and some food. I assure you you have taken a load off my mind, and I am extremely obliged to you."

"I think it is nothing but right that I should express my thanks for the great help you gave me at Christmas, by sending my children the dinner, otherwise they would not have had one."

"I am extremely thankful for the help you sent to me this Christmas, for I did not know what I was going to do, as my husband has been out of work for 8 months now."

"Please accept my sincere thanks for your gift to me. I feel this great kindness of yours very much, as I am a widow, left with 7 little children."

We have pleasure in acknowledging the following further donations :—

A. and J. G., 5s. ; E. N. S., 1s. ; J. Close, 2 parcels of toys ; J. Lodge, 1s.

BIRTHDAYS OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

January 12th.—The Earl of Crewe.

Good wishes on your natal day
I offer you with unction ;
You've reached—I here make bold to say—
A sort of a—er—Crewe Junction :
So many "lines" now radiate
In every direction—
You'll need some care, I dare to state,
In making your selection.
However, for your Party's sake,
Who count on your assistance,
I have no doubt that you will take
The "line of least resistance"!

January 14th.—Lord Lansdowne.

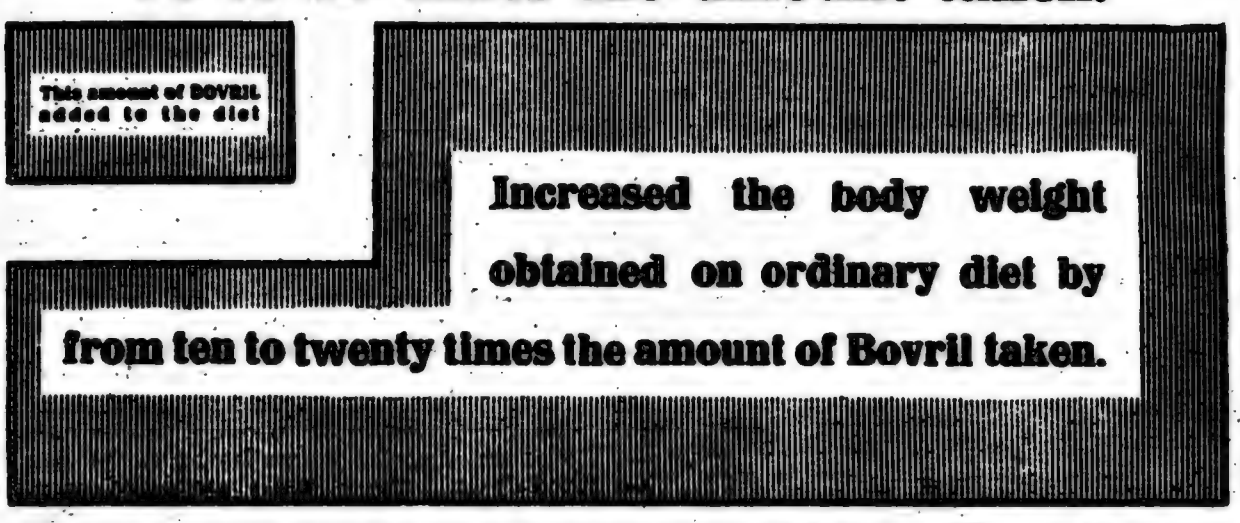
My lord, another year completed
Still finds your lordship firmly seated
Upon the Tory throne.
But threatening clouds are fast appearing ;
Before the tempest which is nearing,
You, helpless, may be blown !
But, though the Radicals may "dish" you,
Long life and happiness I wish you !

"MRS. BULL."

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY. PRICE ONE PENNY

The Body-Building POWER of BOVRIL

has been proved by independent scientific investigation to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.


This amount of BOVRIL added to the diet
Increased the body weight obtained on ordinary diet by
from ten to twenty times the amount of Bovril taken.

You can prove the Body-building power of Bovril yourself by taking a cup of Bovril regularly.

Everyone should do this and thus take advantage of these latest scientific demonstrations. Now that the extraordinary Body-Building Powers of Bovril have been proved under the strictest physiological conditions the public can unhesitatingly avail themselves of this ready means which Bovril affords of building up vitality and strengthening the system against colds, chills and influenza.

Are you taking Bovril?

Full particulars of the above-mentioned experiments will be sent to any medical man on application to Bovril, Ltd., Old Street, London, E.C.

B.M.B.

THE FAILURE OF THE LABOUR PARTY.

(Without endorsing all that is contained in the following article, we commend it to the attention of the Labour Party—from any member of which we shall be happy to publish a reply.)

By T. Good.

Since the early months of 1908, when it became evident that the unemployment problem would be very acute in the following winter, and when special legislation in the interests of the unemployed was promised on high authority, the Labour Party has had such an opportunity for "making history" as seldom falls to the lot of small political bodies. But the Labour Party, to its everlasting reproach, has missed its chance, and the unemployed must continue to shift as best they can.

Consider the situation. Two or three years ago we had this huge and tragic question of the unemployed looming larger in the public eye than it had ever loomed before. Public men and the public, in common, had come to view the problem in a new light. It had come to be recognised, as it had never been recognised previously, that unemployment was the natural corollary of industrialism; that the fluctuations of commerce, the change of the seasons, and the vagaries of fashion combined to create a reserve of idle labour—in other words, that the unemployed, save in individual cases, could not help being unemployed. It was acknowledged, for the first time in history, that industry created unemployment as well as employment, and that industry not only created, but required, a reserve of idle workmen. It was admitted, for the first time, that the real unemployed workman was an integral part of our industrial organisation, and not a superfluity to be got rid of. There was a transformation in public opinion upon this matter. We had the national conscience stirred by mid-summer in 1908 as it had never been stirred by mid-winter previously, and we had practically every school of thought agreed that the time for special and far-reaching legislation in the interests of the unemployed had arrived. Here was the Labour Party's chance. What did the Labour Party do?

The Clamour for Practical Proposals.

Let there be no mistake. The circumstances were unique in the annals of public movements. All our newspapers opened their columns for discussion of this question of unemployment. A deluge of letters and articles on the subject was printed. Press, public, and Parliament were taking an unprecedented interest in the problem of the out-of-work. The speeches of labour leaders and unemployed agitators were reported with a fulness and fairness unexampled. Information about the conditions of unemployment was accepted from the commonest labourer and published in the highest class journals and reviews in the country. The public, and the moulders of public opinion in the Press, and the framers of public laws in our Parliament, were simply thirsting for practical knowledge and practical proposals. Public sympathy was at last awakened. Concurrently with this state of affairs we had a Labour Party in the House of Commons whose special purpose it was to deal with the problem of unemployment. Why did not the Labour Party, in the interests of its constituents, take advantage of the state of public opinion? It was the duty of the Labour Party to give advice and guidance to the Government—to supply information and proposals for statesmen to work upon. That is what we organised the Party for.

The Opportunity Thrown Away.

Here was the biggest of labour problems ripe—rotten ripe—for solution, or, at any rate, for treatment. Here was the nation inviting solution. Here was a Parliament prepared to tackle the problem. Government and Opposition alike were displaying a sympathy with industry's victims such as had never been displayed in the history of British politics. And here was a special Labour Party, with a Parliamentary status, pledged up to the hilt to advance the cause of the unemployed. Here was the golden opportunity. It was thrown away! The period of acute industrial depression—two whole years of it—two years of drooping wages, short time, great unemployment, and rising cost of living—two years of horrors and tragedies, in which as many as five out-of-works took their own lives within a fortnight in one coroner's district—these two supreme years were allowed to pass until now, with a slight trade revival and the staging of a huge political farce to distract public opinion, the problem of unemployment is put once more in the background. The next period of industrial depression will witness the re-enactment of the old drama. The unemployed—the real unemployed, who are too proud to beg and too honest to steal—will suffer the old misery, the old pangs of hunger, and not a few will end their own wretched lives in blank despair—thanks, largely, to the colossal unwisdom and criminal apathy of the Labour Party.

Instead of the Labour Party concentrating its whole energies upon this one stupendous and ghastly problem of unemployment, it has preferred more congenial—not to say profitable—occupations. Even what little the Labour Party has done for the unemployed has been wrongly done. All that the Labour Party has done in the matter of the unemployed has been to bring forward an impossible Right-to-Work Bill. This has put the clock of progress back. It has rendered the advancement of the cause of the real unemployed more difficult. If the Labour Party had come forward at the beginning of the recent spell of industrial depression with anything in the nature of a practical scheme of unemployment legislation, Parliament and the nation would have welcomed such a scheme. And we all could have thanked God for the Labour Party. The favourable reception accorded the very imperfect Government scheme of Labour Exchanges and Insurance, is proof that the country was willing, if not anxious, to mitigate the sufferings of the unemployed. In the midst of all this depression and unemployment and hunger it has been left to parties and persons other than the Labour Party to offer practical proposals.

Anybody's Work But Their Own.

The two main proposals submitted to the country are unemployment insurance to relieve the sufferings of the unemployed, and fiscal reform to reduce the numbers of the unemployed. But neither of these proposals—neither Tariff Reform nor unemployment insurance—has come from the Labour Party. We are entitled to look to this Party at least for the materials out of which a practical measure could be fashioned. But the Labour Party has given us nothing practical. It has not carried us one step along the right road. It has tried to take us the wrong road. The only measure it has ventured to suggest is laughed to scorn by intelligent students of unemployment.

Not only has the Labour Party failed to give us a practical scheme of unemployment legislation, but it has failed to press the Government to establish the promised scheme of insurance against unemployment. It has even failed to press the real case of the unemployed upon the attention of Parliament and the country. While the labouring classes have had their wages cut down, the cost of their food put up, and increased taxation imposed upon them, and while the unemployed have been starving and committing suicide, members of the Labour Party have been globe-trotting, writing books about India, hob-nobbing with suffragettes, and propping up various political parties and cliques which the Labour Party was organised to oppose. The squabbles of the big political parties—the questions of the Lords' Veto, the Budget, Home Rule, Temperance, Votes for Women, etc., etc.—surely these things might have been left alone by the Labour Party so long as the problem of the hungry unemployed needed attention. The Labour Party has been drawn away—indeed, it has run away—from the clear path of duty. It has left its special charge—the unemployed—to join in the petty controversies of the affluent.

Minimising the Evil of Unemployment.

The Labour Party has deserted its principles, broken its promises, and gone back upon its solemn pledges. For the unemployed it has done worse than nothing. This Party actually goes out of its way to minimise the evils of unemployment and persuade the nation that all is well. Members of this Party, whose special mission it is to reveal the horrors of unemployment, and obtain relief for the sufferers, make speeches in the House of Commons and the country, and write special articles and letters in the Press, endeavouring to prove that unemployment is no worse here than in other countries. This is not the way to get reform. Free Trade may be right, and Protection may be wrong; but surely it is no business of the Labour Party to try to make out that industrial conditions are so much better here than in other countries that there is little or no need to trouble about our unemployed. The Labour Party has put neither spirit nor wit into its unemployed agitation. It has not brought forward the evils and dimensions of the problem in their true colours; and it has not propounded any measure of unemployment legislation immediately, or even remotely, practical. Its Right-to-Work Bill is too foolish for words. After riding into politics on the back of "Independent" Labour, and going into Parliament commissioned to look after the interests of the unemployed, the Labour Party has thrown away its independence and cruelly abandoned the unemployed to the sport of the orthodox parties. This is where the Labour Party has failed.

Are you a real business man?

There are two sorts of business men—the "one department" man and the "all round man." Which are you?

WHAT sort of a business man are you? You may not have realised that there are two sorts of business men, but just think for a moment, and you will agree that this is so. Some men are "one department men." You know the kind, probably have several in your own office—men who have spent their time in working one little line of business. They have worked well, perhaps, and quite possibly know that line from end to end, but what good are they when a really good thing comes along?

What would they do if a new position cropped up elsewhere, a vacancy in another departmen, tor some other of the opportunities that the real business man can grasp? You know quite well that the "one department" kind of man could not do the work; it involves new problems and difficulties that he never met in his old position and that he would know what to do with.

What is the real business man?

"The one department" man is not a real business man; he is not the man who succeeds to-day. It is the "all round man" who can do that—the man with varied experiences and a ready knowledge that meets any emergency. You probably know him too. He is the man that is given the executive positions, the manager's post or the partner's share in the business, where he has to control many departments, whose work he has to understand, even if he does not have to do it personally.

Who is the most successful man you know?

Think if this is not true. Who is the most successful man you know? Has not he got this wide knowledge? If you questioned him, could he not tell you nearly everything about business? For instance, does he not know all about manufacturing and selling principles? Does he not understand all the intricacies attending the formation and incorporation of a limited company? Is he not able to organise an office or a sales staff, and does he not understand the possibilities and limitations of advertising as it affects his business? Do *you?*

If you don't, do you realise how immensely valuable such knowledge would be in your own career? And do you not realise that, if you want to acquire that knowledge, it is important you should do so at once, because even to-morrow you might have one of these openings?

How you can get it.

Perhaps you do realise all this, but your work may hinder you getting this all-round knowledge. Even if that is so, you need not be prevented from acquiring this valuable knowledge. You can get it by possessing the "Business Encyclopædia." It is a work expressly designed to fill needs such as yours, and it is published on exceptional terms that place it easily within your reach. It is just what its name implies—an encyclopædia for business men. It gives full and authoritative information about *every* situation that can arise in business life to-day.

If, for instance, any query arises as to a "bill," reference to the "Business Encyclopædia" will at once show what is wrong. If a new card index or loose leaf system of any sort has to be installed, the "Business Encyclopædia" provides specimens and detailed descriptions. If a doubtful debt has to be collected, the "Business Encyclopædia" shows the best way to do it.

The "Business Encyclopædia" will be found fruitful in ideas of all sorts. It will show you how to husband your capital, how to increase your financial credit, how to keep down expenses and to send up sales, how to advertise, how to balance your books, to check waste and loss, and to double your profits.

Moreover, all this is not theory. It is the result of actual and successful practice, for the "Business Encyclopædia" is written by *successful* men.

These writers include such men as:—Richard Burbidge (Managing-Director, Harrod's Stores), John Cansfield (Managing-Director, Lipton, Ltd.), S. F. Edge (the well-known Motor Expert), A. W. Gamage (Managing-Director, A. W. Gamage, Ltd.), John Lawrie (Managing-Director, William Whiteley, Ltd.), Sir Joseph Lyons (Managing-Director, J. Lyons and Co., Ltd.), H. G. Selfridge (Founder of Selfridge's' Ltd.), Wareham Smith (Advertisement Director of the *Daily Mail*), and many others.

Read these two opinions, and then fill in the form for our free book. It places you under no obligation, and is in itself of extreme interest. Why not send for it?

TWO OPINIONS.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR:
"The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure that they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house. Now that we see the 'Encyclopædia,' the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

Mr. L. G. HORSLEY, Cashier, Marlborough Road, Ipswich:
"I find it of the greatest possible assistance to me in my work as cashier to one of the largest manufacturing companies in East Anglia. I am sorry there were not such valuable sources of information years ago. It would have saved me hours of work."

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—which will be sent to you POST FREE. It gives the names of the Business articles written above, and it tells you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

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Please send me, free of charge, a copy of the book describing the "Business Encyclopædia."

Name .....

(Send this Form or a postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.)

Address .....

.....

RED (WHITE AND BLUE) TAPE.

MUCH ADO ABOUT VERY LITTLE.

We are are very fond of rolling our eyes over British red-tape, but what should we say to the following official document?

French Republic.

1st Division. Prefecture of the Department
2nd Bureau. Seine and Oise.

DECREE.

The President of the French Republic

On the report of the Minister of Public Works, Posts and Telegraphs;

In view of the demand presented on the 22nd March, 1910, by the mayor of Meudon;

In view of the observations presented by the directors of the State railway;

In view of the report of the inquiry entered upon by a desire of the commune of Meudon;

In view of the information and advice of the officials who carried out the inspection;

In view of the advice of the Prefect of Seine and Oise;

In view of the advice of the General Council of roads and bridges;

In view of the law of the 15th July, 1845, and particularly Articles 5 and 9;

Decrees as follows:—

Art. 1.—The commune of Meudon is authorised to preserve, maintain and repair the lavatory established in the neighbourhood of the Avenue de Bellevue beside the railway line from Paris-Montparnasse to Versailles. . . .

Done at Paris 27th October, 1910.

By the President of the Republic: A. FALLIERES.
The Minister of Public Works and Posts and Telegraphs,
A. MILLERAND.

For amplification:
The Sub-director of the railways, P. PEUGERE.
Verified by the delegated Councillor of the Prefecture,
(Illegible signature).

What a very business-like Republic to be sure!

SALVATION ARMY BLUFF.

EXPLAINING AWAY COMMISSIONER COOMBS'S RESIGNATION.

When we reported, a few weeks ago, that the head of the Salvation Army in Canada had resigned, the statement was immediately contradicted in the Metropolitan Press, of course, by the understudy of Mr. Bramwell Booth, Colonel Theodore Kitching. But it was true, nevertheless. We also hinted at the questionable method by which Commissioner T. B. Coombs would disappear from the roll of the Army's Commissioners. And it is all happening as we predicted. The good man has asked to be "relieved" of his command, to take "a long furlough"—on the ground of sickness! As a matter of fact, Commissioner Coombs has been busy winding up his affairs, and conducting emigration deals with Provincial Governments. Not once has he taken to his bed, although Commissioner Howard returned from Toronto with the report, duly published in the *War Cry*, that his brother was "most seriously ill." Now, why all this bluff? The facts are well known in Toronto. Commissioner Coombs is sick of the system at Queen Victoria Street and sick of the pay at Toronto. Hence his acceptance of a nice little Government job at £800 per annum. Other resignations are pending for somewhat similar reasons. In the meantime, the General has appointed Commissioner D. Rees, of Clapton, whose battalions failed to "capture" South Hackney from the "enemy," to take Coombs's place. We emphasise the word enemy because, as is gradually dawning upon the minds of members of the Army, we have really been their friend.

WITH reference to the paragraph that appeared in our last issue in which readers were asked to give their experiences of certain firms, including Stuart and Simpson, we find that this has been taken to refer to Messrs. Stuart and Simpson, the well-known advertising agents. We beg to say that no such reference was intended.

MORE CORONATION CLAIMS.

By RICHARD MORTON.

It is understood that the Earl Marshal, the Lord Chamlain and the Court of Claims have been sadly pestered by various persons, more or less notorious, desirous of emphasising their rights to perform certain functions on the occasion of the Coronation. In some few cases, these claims have been allowed, but there are other instances in which a decided negative has been regretfully pronounced.

To make matters more clear, we append particulars of some Coronation Claims which may, or may not, have been made:—

SIR JESSE BOOT, as lineal descendant in tail male of the real and original Giant of the Seven League Boots, claimed the prescriptive right to supply his sovereign with the jack boots to be worn at the ceremony, together with the privilege of helping His Majesty to don the said jack boots by furnishing a boot jack and applying the same; also to lace the said boots; likewise, permission to add to his coat of arms, or trade mark, the motto in augmentation, "What Boots It?"

Resolved, that the said claim be disallowed, as a jack boot is never laced; further, because the King will not wear jack boots or any other boots. He will wear shoes.

MR. EUSTACE MILES claimed the right to provide the Coronation Feast, the menu, compiled by himself, to consist of dishes supplied by himself in strict accord with his own vegetarian principles. The claim is based upon the Scriptural fact that Nebuchadnezzar feasted luxuriously on grass, and the said Eustace Miles contends that such glorious traditions should be maintained by Royalty, and that Miles's boy is the one to see the thing done properly.

Resolved, that the said claim be disallowed, on the primary ground that the King and his guests are not rabbits.

MR. CLAUDE GRAHAME-WHITE claimed the right to fly before the King, basing his claim on the fact that he is the legitimate successor to Mercury, who, some years back, was admittedly the flying messenger attached to the Court of Jupiter.

Resolved, that the claim be allowed in part. Mr. White having already flown before the King ever dreamed of doing such a thing, he is graciously permitted so to do.

SIR JOSEPH LYONS claimed the right to provide the Coronation luncheon and dinner, advancing in support thereof his position as the People's Caterer, and promising, in the event of his claim being upheld, to maintain his principles of popular prices and no tips.

Resolved, that the claim be negatived, out of consideration for the feelings of the King's *chef*, who would certainly be hurt to hear of His Majesty and His Majesty's guests feeding in the Lyons' den.

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, as Poet Laureate, claimed the official and historic right to write and compose the Coronation Ode. Applicant advanced the plea that this kind of thing, terrible as it is, is always perpetrated on such an occasion, and he would suffer no amount of persuasion to deter him from doing his worst. As the official torturer of rhyme and rhythm attached to the Court by Royal Appointment, he insisted on doing his duty, no matter at what pain to himself and others.

Resolved, that the claim be reluctantly allowed. The writing of Coronation Odes is a relic of barbarism, and Mr. Austin is the proper person to help to perpetuate the enormity. He is, therefore, empowered to wrap his head in a wet towel, burn the midnight oil, woo the Muse when the spirit moves him, and otherwise carry his threats into execution, but he is graciously commanded to be merciful and to let the agony be brief.

MR. OSWALD STOLL claims to arrange, provide, and produce the Coronation Pageant or Mask. He points out that all the mummers capable of mumming are under contract to him, but they are barred from performing within twenty miles of Charing Cross without his permission. Therefore, he does not think the King's Pageant or Mask will be much of a show unless he be authorised to boss the affair. He is willing to arrange early doors and two shows a night.

Resolved, that the claim be disallowed. His Majesty's Earl Marshal will arrange any Pageant considered necessary while, as regards a Mask, the King won't wear one.

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THE FESTIVE SEASON IN PARIS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective; cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

Paris being always associated with festivity, at least by Americans, one or two or three might imagine that it was a specially appropriate place in which to spend a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I dare say it is for those who are in the know, but I am sure it is not for an American. Christmas ought to be spent in England or Germany, in an atmosphere of turkeys and Christmas-trees. The New Year might find excuses for itself in Paris, which has always regarded that as a very high festival indeed. But apart from sitting up all night and being laboriously amused by professional amusers, such as gipsy dancers from the Batignolles and merry money-making maidens from Montmartre, and then sallying forth with a sallow face to encounter hordes of professional beggars on the boulevards, there is very little to arouse enthusiasm. Year after year you see gaping, genial crowds clustering round the various booths which sell stale sweets and staler toys. Everyone you have ever dealt with quite naturally expects Christmas boxes, and even your ordinary restaurant overwhelms you with urgent invitations to take your special table for some weeks in advance. The whole game is hideously calculated, like playing poker for more than you can afford.

Hideous Hullabaloos.

There is a certain helplessness about the Latin temperament. Look at an unfortunate frog trying to buy a half-penny stamp in a post-office. Look at the hurly-burly and hullabaloo and hi-tiddley-hi-ti-hi when a senator is trying to secure a seat in the Odéon omnibus. It is almost sufficient for me to blow my nose on the boulevard, for about three policemen to start off in a wild scamper in the direction of Villette, shaking their sugar-stick batons and yelling. They can no more help it than I can help being bold as a lion, blind as a bat, impervious to the criticism of double Dutchmen. But we, with our superior organisation, loftier wisdom, nobler religious principles, etc., etc., would be blameworthy if we came to Paris imagining that it was really more barbarous than the Congo Free State, more alarming than Ogaden. Of course Ogaden is not really alarming at all, unless you are at war with the Mad Mullah. Indeed, nothing is alarming, except perhaps a bad dinner or a bad conscience.

Cordial Misunderstandings.

I am frequently twitted with a lack of sympathy, or at least of appreciation, in respect of foreigners. They certainly are uncouth, ignorant blasphemers, unwashed, uncombed—in fact, as unlike as possible to this particular Pharisee, Jim Crow to wit. Still, the poor wretches have only their antecedents and their ancestors to blame, and should secure at least the kind of forgiveness which we offer a parrot when it is afflicted with the pip or the stammers. And I must say that the French are certainly displaying a very different temperament—politeness, call it what you will—from that which was rampant throughout their Republic at the time of the Boer war. They probably do not like us much better than they did, for they are incapable of understanding our solid qualities. But they do evidently take their politics more seriously than we do, and, having come to the conclusion that we are now one of the most favoured nations, they extend their favours to us as individuals.

Revelry by Night.

I am straying, as usual, from my immediate subject. The only way to enjoy the festive season in Paris is to run about with someone who is thoroughly in the know. So I will invite you all to come with me on an imaginary tour of the town, in search of revelry by night. We will begin with a good dinner, which you would probably not find by yourselves. Most of the big hotels are not properly eating-houses at all in Paris, any more than in Brighton. The ordinary restaurant to which an uninformed person goes is just a fly-trap. The dinner may or may not be good; the prices will depend entirely upon the apparent stupidity of the diner. For instance, I, who combine an extreme appearance of stupidity with all that wisdom you know so well, have actually been asked a sovereign for a woodcock in the neighbourhood of the Madeleine, when I have eaten a much better bird in the students' quarter for about half-a-crown. However, there is a good deal of glitter, and most people like glitter as an accessory to amusement. I do not think any of the big restaurants possess any æsthetic charms or even tolerable appearance—they are generally painted brown and adorned with rococo modern-art flamboyant carvings and gildings—the sort of decoration which is probably imposed upon the Devil's dining-room as a penance for his rebellious character. But there is an excess of electric light, which harmonises with the monstrous, insolent popping of champagne corks and the blare of bad bands.

Bogus Bands.

Oddly enough, the world which amuses itself has come to the conclusion that the right accessory for a revel is gipsy music of some kind. Of course, gipsy music is wild, hilarious, delirious, the very thing to compel us to throw our bonnets over the windmills. But where will you find it nowadays, outside the villages of Hungary and Servia, and Roumania? Even in Budapest and Belgrade and Bucharest, the cosmopolitan element is beginning to creep in. And in Paris the gipsy bands have nothing left except the red uniforms, which they copy from the stage as soon as they begin to become prosperous. The other night, in the rue Royale, a bandsman left his perch to interrupt my dinner and ask me what tunes I preferred. I reeled off my various Near East favourites, such as Groszwardein, Goldstein-Szami, Kupi mou, etc., etc. He simply looked blank. I asked him in Hungarian whether he had never heard of Groszwardein. He shook his head hopelessly. I asked him in French whether he was a Roumanian, as he was evidently not a Hungarian. He replied that they had had one Hungarian as a member of their band about two years ago, but that he had now left Paris. The result of this sort of thing is that you get Yankee-Doodle kind of tunes. But the charm—the appeal to the senses, the fantasy, the Oriental rhapsody of gipsy music—remains to about the same extent as the songs of yester-year.

So we will hasten to toss off our cup of date or fig-coffee and the potato spirit which is passed off at 4s. a glass as Napoleon brandy, pay our bill through the nose, and hey for the heights of Montmartre!

The Psychology of Being Shocked.

Here, in my company, if I am not afraid of shocking you, you may observe striking exhibitions of the Latin temperament. You may see the people of Paris amusing themselves, instead of trying to amuse you. You may watch suggestive dances, which convey no suggestions of impropriety to the indelicate dancers. You may penetrate sing-songs and hear topical ditties, whose topics would never be raised in their most intimate moments by the fishwives of Limehouse or the most free and easiest strollers in the Strand. I am not very, very squeamish, as you may perhaps have begun to guess, but I must confess that at first my breath was utterly taken away, I felt cold in the palms of my hands and tingles in the soles of my feet, I began to wonder whether even monkeys ever whispered like that. Then, being a philosopher, I began to reason. I watched the audience. I detected a jovial, Rabelaisian, friendly, slap-my-back gaiety, but never a touch of wickedness, never a lewd smile such as might be aroused by the exposure of a stocking on a London stage, no abandonment, nothing whatever to shake Mr. Stead by the soul. Then I reflected that effects are more important than conventions and that it is less dangerous to call a spade a shovel than to insinuate while speaking of a spade that you are really thinking, at the back of your head, of an earth-worm.

Oh-oh! Ah-ah!

This is so profound and philosophical an epigram that I am inclined to pause and wish you a Happy New Year. Besides, I seem now usually and unfortunately to be restricted to one page per week. If you want to understand the precise effect of the rest of the night which you did not pass in my company painting Paris pink, just murmur and murmur, and murmur again. "Oh-oh Ah-ah!" That chorus will give you the spirit or, at any rate, the keynote of the festive season in Paris, and I am quite ready to admit that it sounds much nicer than "Boohoo!"

Of all the pleasures that one can find the comfortable habit of the pipe is the most constant and enduring.

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OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS, AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Chairman, County Education Committee, West Riding, Yorks.

SIR,—Permit me to offer to you the felicitations of the oppressed and overburdened ratepayer on the watchful care which characterises the expenditure of the public funds entrusted to you. I am aware, sir, of a number of similar Committees, whose educational policy is open to the gravest criticism by reason of their almost reckless extravagance. Your Education Committee is not in this category. Their policy, as I understand, is one of thrift. They rest firmly on the great financial principle that, if we would save the pounds, we must take care of the pence; and I do not doubt I am justified in assuming that they have opened an account at the Penny Savings Bank in order to create a great reserve fund.

I trust that you, sir, will not be embarrassed by what, at first blush, may seem lavish commendation. If any evidence were needed to justify all that I have said, it would be found in the masterly direction of the finances by your Committee in the case of the widow Shaw. I am not guilty of any breach of confidence in saying, of my own knowledge, that the widow Shaw will never forget them. As long as her heart beats the widow Shaw will keep their memory green. In the multiplicity of their duties it may be that they have forgotten the occasion when, by one masterly stroke of financial genius, they earned the undying gratitude of the ratepayers and a foremost place in the unspoken thoughts—thoughts too deep for tears—of this widow. For several years her husband had served Wombwell as head-master of the Barnsley Road school. Faithful, efficient and zealous in his work, he at last died in harness—well, not exactly in harness, for he appears to have absented himself from his school duties for four days in order to die with as little inconvenience to the school as possible. There are Education Committees who might have broken down under the strain of the financial situation thus created. Your Committee faced it boldly. They doubtless met and discussed the claims of the widow Shaw to the month's salary which had been earned by her husband, at the time of his death, and at length decided to order that it should be paid to her—less the proportion for the four days which her husband, without resolution or authority of your Committee, had occupied in dying. I suppose, sir, that if I were to search through the annals of finance in modern education I should not be able to find another such striking example, I will not say of efficiency with economy, but at any rate of economy with humanity. The tender feeling, the grateful recognition of educational service, of the Committee in depriving the widow Shaw of merely four days of her dead husband's pay, is surely not less conspicuous than the splendid faithfulness with which they transferred the money saved to their reserves. In some near or distant day, sir, I look with confidence to your stopping a day's pay from your high officials when they go home with the toothache, or absent themselves from duty on account of a dull pain in the large toe. Alike, then, for their superlative services in the past and for their superlative promise for the future, allow me once more to express to you the undisguised acknowledgments of self—and the widow Shaw.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord Milton, Cradle House, Grosvenor Square, London.

MY DEAR BABS,—You are very, very welcome to pa and ma, but I fear you have disappointed pa's uncle, who was heir to the title and estates until you came and started your home rule ideas in the family. However, here you are—or rather, I should say, there you are—and I hope you are enjoying yourself. Take plenty of food, be careful not to fall out of the cradle, cut your teeth like a hero, don't worry, be kind to ma and render honour unto pa, and you will have as fine prospects before you as the ex-heir has behind him; £300,000 a year, 115,000 acres, and mansions all over the place. Think of never having to pay any rent, leaving some other fellow to fill up all your Forms IV., having nothing to eat except drink, and nothing to do except breathe. I will address some seasonable words to you when you have received a tooth. In the meantime, present my compliments and congratulations to the Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, your pa and ma, and don't worry about the Super-Tax. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. Edward Jones, Mayor of Wrexham.

MY DEAR MR. MAYOR,—It is a very great pleasure to me to notice the kindly way in which you, as chairman, and your colleagues on the bench of justices at Wrexham, treated the man Richard Haycock, against whom John Smith, a local house agent, had applied for an ejectment order. For the credit of the town, I trust you have not many house agents of the Smith type. On the evidence before the bench, I am in no doubt whatever that your severe comments on the despicable conduct of this man towards Haycock—half blind by an accident, able to earn but a few shillings a week to pay his rent and support his wife and seven young children, some of whom were compelled to wander the streets in search of food—were amply justified.

This house agent must have known that he had to deal with a genuine, and not a fictitious, case of misfortune and poverty, for apparently everybody else knew it. It was personally known to yourself, sir; it was known also to the inspector of the R.S.P.C.C.; and yet, when the rent was in arrears, and the furniture had been in distraint, he not only went out of his way to prevent Haycock and his family from obtaining another home, but threatened Haycock by letter that he would have him and his family "chucked" into the street if they did not go of their own accord. There was no room for compassion in this man, and, pressing to the utmost his legal remedy, he came to your bench for authority to turn this poverty-stricken family out of their home, knowing that he had prevented them from obtaining another. I am glad that the Wrexham bench, sir, was able to circumvent this planned brutality by adjourning the case for a month, thus giving the Haycock family time to look round. That the moral conscience of yourself and your colleagues was deeply stirred is proved by the fact that the bench contributed £2 for the provision of food for them. Well done! JOHN BULL.

To Mr. George Alexander.

DEAR GEORGE,—Since you have been trying to emancipate yourself from your mummeries and trying to become a public personage as well as a public impersonator, you ought really to be more careful about your public utterances. There has already been too much acting both on the stage and off, and no sensible person can agree with your pronouncement at the Birkbeck Institute that acting ought to be taught in schools. It is all very well for you to say that acting heroic parts turns children into heroes. I should have thought it was much more likely to turn them into prigs. But, even admitting your contention, what about the little boy who plays the villain's part? Will not he immediately begin to behave in a truly villainous manner? Think also of the eventual results. There are already far too many stage-struck people desirous of escaping from the drudgery of real work and aspiring to live a lazy life in an atmosphere of tinsel and masquerade and gas-jets and midnight broughams and meretricious glitter. Your plan of trying to teach the young idea how to act would multiply would-be ranters and mimics and clowns indefinitely. And I am sure that the life of an actor-manager would be even less agreeable than it is at present. Besides, think how very few people possess the gift of acting. Actors are born, not made. Nor do I want to see the rising generation instructed to live a life of pretence. I prefer that each child should keep its own individuality, and learn to work out its own heroism for itself. By the way, are there still many young ladies left who keep your photographs on their walls and chimney-pieces? Or, as with myself, is *Anno Domini* doing its work? JOHN BULL.

Town Clerk, Brighton.

Please inform me why Town Council decided oppose Bill for construction tramways from Worthing to Brighton. Afraid they will empty Brighton, or what? BULL.

Lord Wolverhampton, Woodthorne.

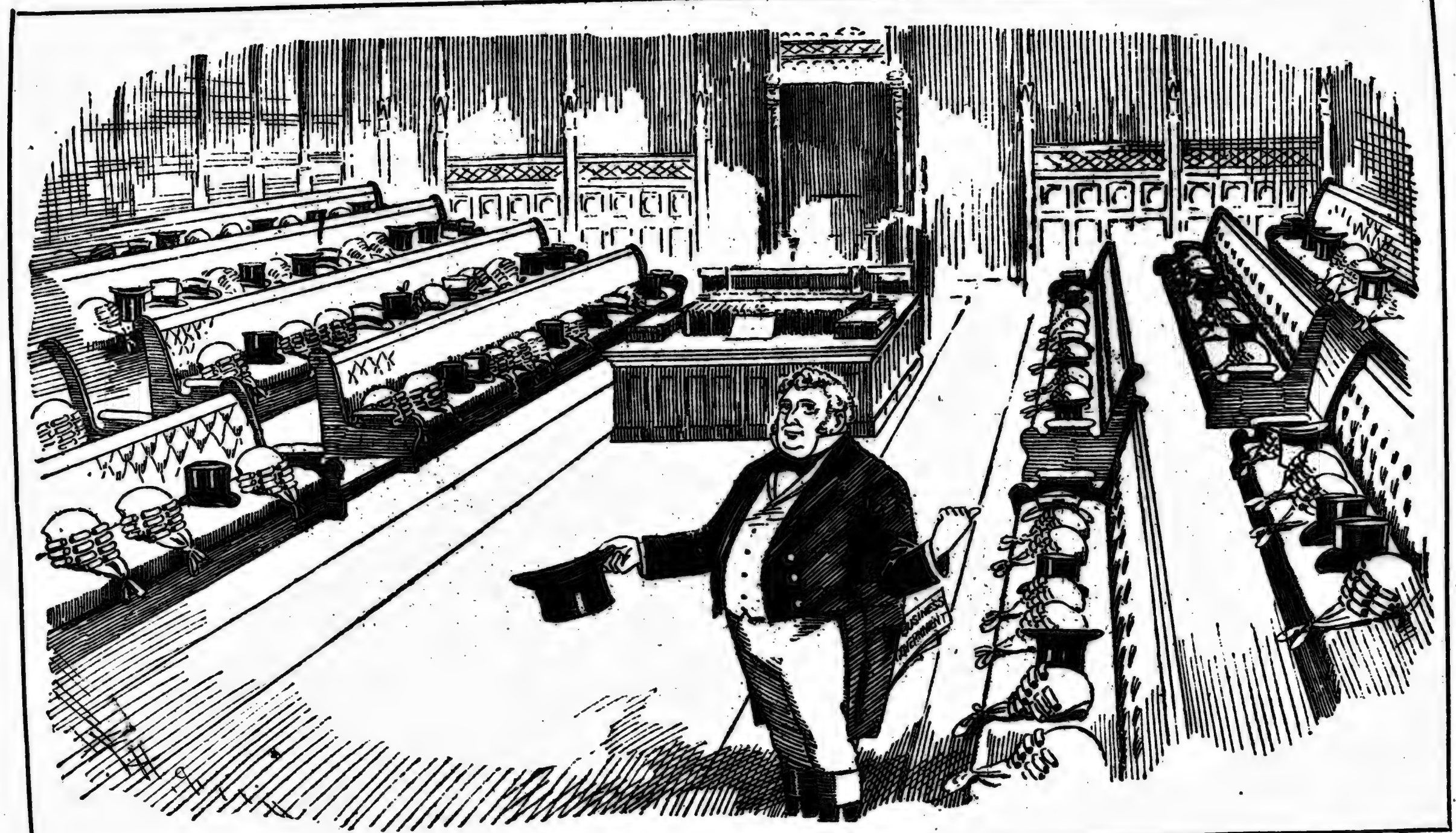
Accept sincere condolences on death of your wife. Sorry to hear you are prostrated by shock. Have not forgotten you as Sir Henry Fowler, when you served our country well. BULL.

Lloyd George, Exchequer, London.

Excellent idea for raising revenue. Erect grand stands to witness next anarchist bombardment. With Winston in personal command, and you at the turnstiles taking the money, the thing should draw like hot cakes. Further income could be secured by loaning out revolvers to those desirous of taking active part in proceedings. But in that case better insure Winston—you never can tell! BULL.

WIGS ON THE GREEN BENCHES.

(The New House of Commons comprises nearly 200 Lawyers.)



JOHN BULL: "FUNNY WAY OF GETTING THE 'WILL OF THE PEOPLE.'"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

The Monetary Outlook Causes Some Hesitation—Prospects Bright, However—Rhodesians the Favourites.

The tone of the stock markets has become more subdued, owing to gold withdrawals and delay in the expected reduction of the Bank rate. That, however, is merely a temporary influence, and is working its own cure, as a rise in the Continental exchanges will probably ensure the Bank of England obtaining the consignments of Cape gold. The general outlook is distinctly bright, as confirmed by the large increases in imports and exports shown by the Board of Trade Returns for December. A favourable development is the accumulation of funds in New York, which has steadied *Yankee Rails*, and promises a further rise in *Copper* and *Copper Mines*. Larger sums available for Sinking Fund purchases are a point in favour of Consols. *Canadian Pacifics* are on the up-grade, and Foreigners are strong, although the *Manchurian Loan* did not score any great success. The pause in *Home Rails* should give place to renewed activity on the announcement of the first dividends. *Mexican Rails* look promising, *Argentine* less so. *Kaffirs* are firmer, but *Rhodesians* are the favourite market, and great movements are likely to take place in it. A fresh development is the rise in *Nitrates*.

Canadian Pacifics in High Feather—Why Trunks are Much Less Desirable—Demand for Land Shares.

One of the best features in an otherwise somewhat disappointing market has been the strength of the Canadian division. This has always been one of my pet sections, and there is a solid basis for the rise in most of the stocks. *Canadian Pacifics* have more particularly been in high feather, and the estimation in which this stock is held by investors is undoubtedly due to the straightforward manner in which the board have acted towards their shareholders and the public. As a result, there is always someone ready to buy the stock on declines, and none have been more eager in this connection than our German cousins, who always know a good thing when you see it. The *raison d'être* of the present movement, which has carried the price to 204, is the promise of an increased bonus out of land sales, the only question being as to the amount thereof and date. Contrast this position with that of the *Grand Trunk*, whose board are so fond of springing surprises, mostly unpleasant, upon an unsuspecting public, that the stock is even more than usually speculative in character. When will the *Trunk* board learn the *Canadian Pacific* lesson, that straightforwardness is the best policy? In view of the bad statement for November, most people have given up hope of any dividend on the Third Preference for the past year, but as it is the unexpected which so often happens in connection with the *Trunk*, I prefer not to prophesy as regards dividend prospects. By the way, a report comes to me from the North of the discovery of a valuable coal deposit adjacent to the *Trunk main line*, while, also, the company is expected to get permission presently to raise freight rates in Eastern Canada. The improvement has naturally also extended to the land group, where *Hudsons Bays* are the bright particular feature at 111½. Some people say that present land values in North-Western Canada are largely fictitious, but figures speak louder than words, and the details of the latest quarterly return indicate increased prosperity, and foreshadow an increase in the final distribution for the year, on a corresponding scale to the increase in the interim dividend. A statement is also promised shortly with regard to recent trading developments. Yet the price, which is now 111½, has still a long way to go before it reaches the record level of 129½ of 1906. The cheaper land shares have improved in sympathy, and *Southern Albertas* are being prepared for the new subsidiary issue, rising to 41s. 6d., *Western Canadas* to 26s. 9d.

The Rise in Nitrate Shares.

There have been many fluctuations in the consumption of nitrate of soda, but a seeming decrease or pause in the demand has generally been followed by a strong increase—and this time the whole world has been buying, the consumption for the past year reaching 1,700,000 tons, or 200,000 more than the 1909 figure. There can be no doubt about the increased popularity of nitrate as a fertiliser, and, consequently, the course of prices during the past six months has been consistently and distinctly upward, present quotations being about 7s. 2d. to 7s. 3d. per quintal for immediate delivery. As regards the outlook for 1911, the quantity in sight is about 40,000 tons less than a year ago, and, presuming the consumption to be at least on the same lines as for 1910, a production of about 55 million quintals is looked for. On the other hand, a further increase in the demand, especially on United States account, is anticipated—so that indications favour a further rise in the price, and, of course, a corresponding expansion in the profits of the producing companies. Of late years, the latter have had anything but a rosy time, but it looks as if the turn had now come. At any rate, the shares of the leading companies have been steadily on the upgrade, and *Alianza*, for instance, has come up from its lowest point last year of 7⅛ to 11¼; *Anglo-Chilian* from 10 to 10¾; *Colorado* from 6⅛ to 8; *Liverpool* from 15 to 17; *San Sebastian* from 2⅛ to 2⅞, etc.—these all being shares of the face value of £5 each. On the basis of their past dividends, the yields range from 3½ to 8¾ per cent. per annum, but, obviously, such holdings are in the highest degree speculative, and too much money should not, therefore, be sunk in them. In fact, for some time dividends have not been paid by several of the companies—such as the *San Lorenzo* (since June, 1908), and the *San Sebastian* (since July, 1908)—but, of course, they may return to the list again if the improvement in the consumption of the product continues.

A New Swiss Milk Company.

A new company has been formed, and will shortly be placed before the public, which appears to offer considerable attractions. It is the *Swiss Condensed and Dry Milk Company*, which acquires the capital stock, with right to profit as from January 1, 1910, of the *Swiss Dry Milk Company*, owning valuable freehold land, with the factory, buildings, and machinery, at Glockenthal, in the Province of Thoune, Switzerland. It has, by its excellent dry milk and cocoa milk powders, built up a solid reputation, and has been awarded numerous gold medals and diplomas. The company has the patents in Switzerland, Belgium, and France, while the English, American, and Italian patents have been applied for. A valuable contract has been obtained already from Messrs. Tobler and Company, of Berne, under which alone a profit of £3,500 is made for the year. It is proposed to increase the output of dry milk cocoa, and other products of the company, and to erect plant and machinery for the manufacture of condensed and sterilised milk, which is also expected to yield good profits. The capital is fixed at £100,000, in 75,000 Cumulative Preferred Six per Cent. Participating shares and 25,000 Deferred shares, both of £1 each, part of which will, of course, go towards the purchase consideration, while 20,000 Preferred shares will be held in reserve. Estimates of a profit of £33,000 are put forward, and the business is evidently a lucrative one, with a sound basis.

Vicissitudes of Rubbers, But Prices Gravelling—Prospects of Rubber Ventures—Oils Quiet—A Tip for Newfoundlands.

The rubber-share market has experienced a fresh series of vicissitudes, and the fall in the commodity has encouraged the Bears to fresh efforts. Finally, the ursine operators took fright, as the statistical position is now much better, and at any time a revival of the American demand might send rubber almost sky-high again. It is not unlikely, therefore, that rubber shares have now gravelled. At any rate, after seeing *Linggis* down to 41s., we have them up again at 43s., and *Vallambrosa* stand at 32s., after having been depressed to 31s. *Anglo-Malay*, despite a third interim dividend for the current year of 25 per cent., were as low as 20s. 6d. at one time, and have now recovered to 21s. 3d. I now wish to direct the attention of my readers to *Rubber Ventures*, the directors of which, moving with the times, have decided to launch out in Rhodesia. With this view, the capital is to be increased, and the title altered to "The Rubber and Rhodesian Ventures, Limited." The company has already done very well out of the rubber industry, paying a dividend of 25 per cent., and still holding valuable assets and options. It promises to do equally well in Rhodesians, and the fact that one of the leading Rhodesian magnates has accepted a seat on the Board foreshadows important developments in this connection. The 2s. shares, consequently, look cheap at about 2s. 6d.

With regard to the oil-share market there is little to say, as the oil-war is still raging. Meantime, while movements are irregular, the undertone is not bad, and sooner or later this market will burst forth again. The *Maikop Pipeline* is expected to be completed in about a fortnight's time, and that may give the signal for a revival in such shares which can at present be picked up at bargain prices. *Shell Transports* are well maintained at over 78s. 6d., in anticipation of the early issue of its *Egyptian Subsidiary*, the prospectus of which is now understood to be in type. When I see it, I shall be able to pass a more definite opinion. Meantime,

there are a good many people, who, with me, believe that when the temporary clouds pass away, the oil-share market will have a very bright future before it. To them I commend the prospects of the Newfoundland Oilfields. The authorised capital is £200,000, in £1 shares, and the company owns a compact area of 70 square miles on the North-West Coast of Newfoundland. The properties have been favourably reported upon, and an area of ten square miles has already been proved to be oil-bearing. In the heyday of the market the Ordinary shares reached something like 32s. 6d., while the present quotation is about 14s. The Vendors' shares, which rank in every respect with these, have now been made marketable, and are quoted at only 12s. 6d., thus looking very promising.

THE PRESTEA AMALGAMATION.

On Thursday last week the extraordinary general meetings of the *Prestea Block "A"* and *Prestea Mines* took place, and the amalgamation of the latter with the former was carried—in the case of the *Block "A"* unanimously, as it obviously was in favour of that company; and in the case of *Prestea Mines* with a majority, but not without protest by a number of shareholders. Mr. Faulkner, who spoke for himself and some of the shareholders who had complained to JOHN BULL, made a lucid and straightforward statement objecting to the scheme, and to the reduction in the price of *Prestea Block "A"* from 40s., as in the original scheme, to abput 36s. 6d., but as the Chairman stated that he had proxies from 330 shareholders holding 399,510 shares, there was not much chance of obtaining any alteration, although the fact that over 50 shareholders had written to me protesting against the arrangement shows that there is much discontent amongst the *Prestea Mines* shareholders. Unfortunately, the majority of shareholders follow their directors like a flock of sheep, and many, no doubt, in signing their proxies did not realise what they were doing. The matter, however, cannot be altered now, and it is to be hoped that the result will turn out as anticipated by the Chairman, who worked out that the distribution of the *Anfargahs* (price 8s. 6d.) would be equivalent to 1s. 9.07d. per share; while, reckoning *Prestea "A"* at 33s. 6d. and with the 9d. cash, the whole would come to 10s. 11d. per share, as against the price of 9s. 6d. at which *Prestea Mines* stand now. This does not take into account the other small assets which are to be distributed, and I doubt whether 8s. 6d. is to be obtained in the market for *Anfargah* shares—but, on the other hand, there is every possibility of *Block "A"* improving considerably upon the present price of 32s., as the company is about to commence crushing, 50 stamps being installed and others in course of erection. The matter, however, is not creditable to those who have initiated this second scheme.

A PAUSE IN KAFFIRS AFTER A FAIR ADVANCE—RHODESIANS ACTIVE AND STRONG.

The Kaffir Circus has braced up in a very encouraging manner, both Continental and Home investors coming into the market, but some moderate set-back was caused by the approach of the Settlement and also by the announcement of an amalgamation between the Randfontein Central and Randfontein South companies, on terms which have displeased the market, as they are against the Randfontein Central. As a consequence, the latter shares are down at 2 7-16, and Randfontein South are up at 2 5-16. As it is proposed, however, to further increase the capacity of the plant, which had been originally intended for the Randfontein South by adding this plant to the Randfontein Central, as being more economical, I have no doubt that in a short time the prices of both, and eventually of the amalgamated shares, will have a very considerable rise, and shareholders will do well to stick to their shares. This will be the largest producer on the Rand. An active share has been City Deep, a new producer, at 4⅜.

Just now, however, the current of investment and speculation is in favour of Rhodesians, and here undoubtedly excellent opportunities are offered for good profits. Rhodesia Ex., of course, as the leading company of a big group, are bound to improve. Then there is Rhodesia Gold Mines and Investment Company standing at 1 7-16, which has good holdings, and especially in Lonely Reefs, one of the richest mines of Rhodesia, and these are obtainable at 2⅛, while the Hay Gold Mine, which is also one of the most promising mines, and in which readers of JOHN BULL have already made good profits, is at 2, bracing up for a further rise. This mine belongs to the well-known Weil group, in which is also comprised the London and Rhodesian Mining and Land Company, the £1 shares of which are now quoted at 2. This company has interests in some of the very best Rhodesian undertakings, so much so that the assets at present values show a very large surplus over capital and liabilities—besides a large block of Cam and Motor shares, they have substantial holding in Giant shares, Lonely Reefs, and Hay Gold Mines, besides a large number of properties now being prospected. The Giant is doing remarkably well, and obtained in December an output valued at £19,670, the estimated profit being £11,783. The reef is now still giving assays of 18 dwts. In view of holdings of two million acres of land in Rhodesia, cash and liquid assets of £250,000, and other important interests, including the Champion Mine, one of the most promising companies, considering its potentialities, is the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, the shares of which stand at 8s. 6d. In any important advance of the Rhodesian market these shares should be well to the fore. One of the recent acquisitions of the Rhodesia Exploration, jointly with the Goldfields, is the Falcon Mine, which has recently added the Athens claims to its area, and the shares, now quoted at 2, are expected to go much higher. Mr. Piper is taking over the management. I have ere this mentioned the other very important holdings of the Rhodesia Exploration Company, amongst which Antelopes at about 2 3-16, Thistle Etna 1⅛, Cam and Motor at ⅛ prem., deserve special mention as very attractive. In addition to these and other shareholdings, the company has some 3,500 claims in various parts of Rhodesia. The Special Settlement in the shares, now quoted 3¼, takes place on the 18th inst., when 2s. per share dividend and 5s. rights are payable. A low-priced share in the group is Salisbury Estates, about which more anon. Finally, the important fact should not be lost sight of that a number of the strongest finance groups have of late obtained interests in Rhodesian undertakings, while a powerful French group has just done so. A great land scheme is also on the *tapis*. Enough has been said to indicate the remarkable expansion which is about to take place in Rhodesia.

MEXICAN MINING RICHES.

I have received from Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie, Ltd., the Liverpool printers, a copy of the "Official Mining Directory of Mexico," the issue of which is very apropos in view of the increased interest which is being taken in this country in the Mexican mining industry. Mexico has made enormous progress during the last two decades, and her mining resources have been developed with most creditable energy. The book under review is the eleventh volume of a series of illustrated works dealing with the development of the country's riches. It contains full notices of mines in which Mexican and American capital is mostly interested, but it also gives brief particulars of the mines which are dealt in on the London Stock Exchange. These, however, are all too short to give complete information, and I trust that in any future publications the data will be more full. There are operating in Mexico between 30 and 40 important British mining companies, with a capital of about £7,000,000, but the United States has by far the largest amount so invested, viz., £25,000,000, while Mexico itself figures with £2,800,000, and France with £1,200,000. The book is illustrated with excellent photo-engravings, and is in every way handsomely got up. The editors of the work are both Englishmen, Mr. Southworth being a member of the Royal Geographical Society, and Mr. Holmes a British Vice-Consul at Guadalajara.

VICTORIA PICTURE THEATRE.

In a former issue (November 19th) I expressed the view that the hundreds of picture theatres established in converted shops or sheds would not pay in the long run, while they are, of course, altogether unsuitable for investment, and I drew attention more especially to the Victoria Picture Theatre, Limited, as representing a very different class of enterprise, dealing with commanding buildings on well-selected sites. Such theatres, with able management, are bound to succeed, and this is evidently the case with the first theatre constructed by the Victoria Picture Theatre, Limited, at Ardwick Green, Manchester. This Theatre opened on Monday, December 26th last, and was completely besieged on the inaugural night, when 1,000 persons were unable to gain admission. In fact, the receipts for the first week were, I understand, considerably over £150. But then this theatre has been erected most elaborately, at a cost of about £12,000. It is a substantial brick building with steel framework, and with a handsome ornamental front, and has 1,000 tip-up seats, handsomely upholstered. American Motvograph machines have been installed in the operating room, and the electrical arrangements include, not only Johnson and Phillips' motor generators, but also a reserve standby, so that, should one source of electricity fail, a direct supply can be at once derived from the Corporation mains. The building was erected in record time by Messrs. J. Gerrard

and Sons, Ltd., the well-known builders, of Swinton, Manchester, and great credit is due for the plans to the architect, Mr. W. H. Longworth, of Manchester. All sound effects are reproduced, such as the barking of dogs, rattling of chains, bells, rippling of water, etc., and it is claimed for the shows that they are the last word in animated photograph effects, while the managing director is Mr W. H. Wheeler, who occupied a similar position at Olympia (Manchester) Limited. Of course, this Manchester theatre is only one of many to be erected by the same company, and if the others are carried out on similar lines there should be the prospect of similar success. When I referred to the company in November the £1 shares, fully paid, were to be obtained at 18s., with options on a further number of shares for six months at 20s. 6d. The lowest price now is 20s., carrying option certificates to the end of June at 27s. 6d., and those who wish to invest in these progressive shares will do well to buy at once, so as to secure the option certificates, which will be obtainable free by the purchasers of shares for a few weeks longer only, after which they will be dealt with separately.

Copper and Tin.

The scheme for the world-wide copper combine is progressing slowly, but steadily, and prices of the metal are firm in consequence. *Amalgamated Copper* shares have firmed up to 67⅛, *Anaconda* to 8⅜. *Tintos* have been well supported by the Paris group, who have taken this stock again under their wing, but were finally weaker at 70¼ on the reported serious landslide in the mine. There have been lively times in the tin market, and the announcement of increased supplies, and a partial reaction in prices, induced consumers to increase their stocks of the metal. The set-back did not last long, and Tin is up again at over £179 per ton. The *Dolcoath* return for the past half-year shows a sum realised of £83,820, as against £73,640. West African Tin shares have been prominent, but while *Bauchi* have risen to 15s. on dividend anticipations, *Anglo-Continentals* are off at 1⅛. And all these are, of course, extremely speculative.

Coronation Syndicates.

The secretary of the *Coronation Seats Company, Ltd.*, writes with reference to my remarks of last week concerning "Rival Coronation Syndicates," that the same appear to reflect unfairly on his company, and may cause confusion in the public mind by connecting it with a concern which, he says, has not been registered. I therefore state at once that his body, the *Coronation Seats Company, Ltd.*, with offices at 210, Capel House, New Broad Street, E.C., was registered on November 18th last.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials, under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are made only in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, for transacting business, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

Investments.—Turkey.—(1) In preference, put the money into a dividend-paying Kaffir—Meyer and Charlton, or Randfontein South. (2) As regards the re-investment of this £600, the debentures in question can be considered only second-class, but not unpromising. A similar yield is obtainable in Central Argentine Railway Ordinary. (4) The best Five per Cent. investments now going are obtainable amongst Home Rails, such as Caledonian Preferred, South-Eastern Preferred, Great Central 1881 Preference, and Taff Vale, always provided that the dividend forecasts for the past half-year are borne out by results.

Liability for Shares.—J. C. J.—It would appear to me that you have a good case for repudiating liability, but it is essentially a matter in which you should consult a solicitor, especially one versed in City affairs.

Home Rails.—Elementary Knowledge.—I send you the address of a suitable firm, who will acquaint you with the necessary formalities. Your list of Home Rails—Great Northern Deferred, Midland Deferred, Brighton A, and Metropolitan—is a good one, always provided that you recognise the fact that for the greater yield you will have to run more risk.

Brokers.—G. H. S.—What you require has been forwarded. My invariable rule is to recommend dealing only with members of the Stock Exchange, in which case your interests are safeguarded.

Ecuador Salt Bonds.—Berlin.—You want to know something which even the highest authorities cannot be sure of. At present the interest on Ecuador 4 per Cent. (Salt) Bonds is being regularly paid, but nobody can tell whether some event, such as a revolution, might not occur in such second-rate Republics to upset all calculations. Therefore, such an investment can only be considered as highly speculative, and you should not put all your eggs into one basket.

Redeemable Stock.—Credex.—All such securities have depreciated, while the deduction of dividends has also to be allowed for. A stock to suit your requirements would be Newfoundland 3½ per Cent. Bonds, now quoted at 97, and redeemable in 1950.

Vanguard.—Guardsman.—It is certainly time that the matter was settled, but until the litigation has been disposed of, it looks as if the company are powerless to issue the stock. There is nothing for it but patience.

Anglo-Japanese Trading Co.—New Reader (Edmonton).—It has disappeared from the usual books of reference. Perhaps the Secretary will communicate with me, if this comes under his notice, or one of my readers may be able to tell me what has become of it.

Bank Shares.—Cymro (Swansea).—Quite sound, and no particular reason to sell at present, although, personally, I prefer Home or Colonial institutions. The £5 shares, fully-paid, are quoted officially at 5¾ to 5¾, so that the new partly-paid shares would stand at a corresponding level.

Rubbers, Kaffirs.—F. B.—I should prefer Straits Bertam, Anglo-Malay, or United Sumatra. Randfontein Centrals are one of the best specs. in South Africans. They are £1 shares, quoted at 2 7-16.

Lands, Etc.—Tenterden.—(1 and 2) Both concerns—Western Canada Lands and Canadian Northern Prairie Companies—are promising enterprises of the kind, although they are pretty highly valued already. As regards Rubbers (3), see selection mentioned in reply to "F. B."

Dunderland.—Franconia.—(1) £1,000,000 each of Preference and Ordinary shares of £5 each. (2) Yes. (3) Not for a long time to come. (4) Everything depends upon the results of the experiments now going on. (5) Impossible to tell. (6) I do not think so, unless they are invited to apply for more debentures. (7) These bonds take precedence of all other issues, from debentures downwards, and, so far, £200,100 has been issued out of an authorised amount of £250,000, the bulk of which was applied to meeting creditors' claims.

Casino.—J. V. H. (Teignmouth).—I have repeatedly warned my readers against interesting themselves in the St. Cecile Casino, or in the other concern mentioned.

Small Investment.—Jim.—In the circumstances, the best thing your friend could do would be to invest the money in gilt-edged securities, the safety of which is beyond question. Up to 3½ per cent. per annum can be obtained in this way, chiefly on Colonial Government Bonds.

Land Investments.—E. T. (Alfreton).—Recent legislation does not induce me to look kindly upon any investment connected with land. You would do far better to go into sound securities, notably Home Rails, to which I have been giving particular prominence of late, only last week publishing some interesting information, to which I refer you.

Waihi, Etc.—Alger.—(1) In the circumstances, you had better take an early opportunity to realise. (2) Sell on any improvement. (3) Having bought Omnibus at 49, while the present quotation is 75, you would be almost tempting Providence not to take such a splendid profit. (4) A fair industrial holding, but requiring watching.

Society.—Monte.—(1) Withdraw the money, and re-invest in Home Rails and high-class Kaffirs; my articles will give you the necessary information. (2) Yes, a good investment, but obviously somewhat speculative.

Rubbers.—G. A. M.—I do not advise purchase of any of the rubber shares in question, especially in the present condition of this market.

Ironfounder.—I do not care much for this concern, and you would do far better to confine your attention to leading shares, such as Linggis, Vallambrosa; Anglo-Malay, etc.

Foreign Lotteries.—F. D. D.—Lotteries are illegal in this country, and I cannot, therefore, assist you in the purchase of the tickets. They are usually offered here through circulars by the Continental agents.

Premium Bonds.—B. R. E.—I usually refer enquirers to a respectable firm of Foreign bankers in London, which makes a speciality of these, and which will also be able to answer your questions, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, respectively. In these circumstances, I have handed them your letter, together with the bond, which they will hold at your disposal. As regards No. 4, the answer is "Yes."

Advance on Mortgage.—C. J. A. (Cornwall).—This kind of business is done by the building societies, and it will be advisable to apply to some of the local institutions, viz., those located in a neighbouring town.

South Sumatra Rubber Estates.—Sycophan.—The address you require is Dunster House, Mincing Lane, E.C.—Secretary, G. Ratcliffe.

*Reasonably Safe Investment.—Brenda.—You are quite right. As you have some money safely put away in the Post-Office, you might invest £100 in South African Gold Mines, yielding 8 or 10 per cent.—which you could get in, say, Rose Deep, and Langlaagte Estate. I send what you require.

Note.—The item marked with an asterisk (*) is an answer to a correspondent of *Mrs. Bull*, who conformed to the conditions laid down in John Bull.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

People's Accident Legal Aid Society.—F. G. M. (London).—We know of no sufficient reason why you should not do so.

Provident Permanent Society.—Y. A. E. D. (Cardiff).—We have no information.

Century Insurance Company.—Con. (London).—The question is not whether the £9 offered as surrender value is in your opinion a reasonable offer, but whether it is the sum the company undertakes to pay under the circumstances named. Old (Cardiff).—See previous answer.

National Standard Life Assurance.—F. T. (New Southgate).—Only a portion of them.

Law, Accident Insurance Society.—A. D. (Willesden).—We do not see how the society can be held responsible for compensation on account of your daughter's death. It is quite clear from your statement of the facts that it is not in any way liable.

Provident Free Homes Insurance Company.—Scot (Southampton).—Yes, it is quite sound, and claims are met as they become due.

National Benefit Trust.—A. R. L. (Cardiff).—The answer is in the affirmative.

Prudential Assurance Co.—J. B. (Horley).—It is unlikely that the agent could have given you the assurances you speak of, and certain that if he did, it would not be confirmed at the Head Office.

Essex and Suffolk Equitable Insurance Society.—H. C. (Glasgow).—(1) Yes, certainly it is a very sound company. (2) We know nothing to the prejudice of the insurance broker you name.

National and Co-operative Insurance Corporation.—B. S. W. (Brighton).—The best thing you can do is to take proceedings.

Liverpool Victoria Assurance Corporation.—Alpha (Manningham).—They are making some headway. H. C. (Sheffield).—See previous answer.

Investment and Sickness Benefit Corporation.—Bullpup (Port Talbot).—The answer is in the negative.

Confederation Life Association.—S. L. (Spitalfields).—The answer to all your questions is in the affirmative.

Anglo-Scottish General Commercial Insurance Co.—Tennier (Birmingham).—If you have an opportunity of selling your shares, you should do so. Enquirer (Basingstoke).—See previous answer.

City Life Assurance Co.—Careful (Bristol).—We think your father would be foolish to drop the policy after paying upon it for so many years.

Transfer of Policy.—H. C. (Bristol).—We agree, but we do not see what else you can do.

First Dutch Insurance Co.—K. A. (Reading).—We have not heard the rumour to which you refer, and if we had, we should attach no importance to it.

General Accident, Fire and Life Assurance Company.—D. (Great Yarmouth).—We should prefer the first of the two you name.

Two Companies.—W. H. (Belfast).—The first is a sound and progressive company. The second is in liquidation.

Law Integrity Insurance Co.—H. B. A. (Fishguard).—The address of the company is 38, Church Street, Liverpool.

Status of Company.—P. P. (Parringham).—It is quite sound.

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OUR WEEKLY RECORD FOR 1910.

Jan.	5th ...	£313,460	May	4th ...	£364,100	Aug.	31st ...	£409,250
„	12th ...	£316,650	„	11th ...	£367,230	Sept.	7th ...	£412,370
„	19th ...	£319,900	„	18th ...	£369,320	„	14th ...	£415,020
„	26th ...	£322,780	„	25th ...	£373,270	„	21st ...	£416,980
Feb.	2nd ...	£325,750	June	1st ...	£376,070	„	28th ...	£420,360
„	9th ...	£328,970	„	8th ...	£377 750	Oct.	5th ...	£421,760
„	16th ...	£331,920	„	15th ...	£380 850	„	12th ...	£423,290
„	23rd ...	£334,730	„	22nd ...	£383,800	„	19th ...	£42?,040
Mar.	2nd ...	£338,060	„	29th ...	£386,480	„	26th ...	£427,150
„	9th ...	£341,270	July	6th ...	£388,580	Nov.	2nd ..	£428,280
„	16th ...	£344,120	„	13th ...	£390,510	„	9th ...	£430,030
„	23rd ...	£347,330	„	20th ...	£393,710	„	16th ...	£432,260
„	30th ...	£350,680	„	27th ...	£396,360	„	23rd ...	£433,600
April	6th ...	£353,400	Aug.	3rd ...	£398,460	„	30th ...	£436,420
„	13th ...	£355,960	„	10th ...	£401,710	Dec.	7th ...	£438,690
„	20th ...	£359,010	„	17th ...	£404,510	„	14th ...	£440,530
„	27th ...	£361,690	„	24th ...	£406,490	„	21st ...	£442,680
						„	28th ...	£444,560

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Please forward me gratis and post free your booklet, "THE MODERN SYSTEM OF MONEY-MAKING," and other literature which is a clear explanation of the methods which have enabled you to pay away nearly £500,000 to clients.

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OH, FOR A BUSINESS JUDICATURE!

A READER'S EXPERIENCE AT THE SESSIONS.

We have received the following letter from a Leyton reader :—

"Do you live in a district where, should you receive a subpœna as a witness to the Sessions, you have to make quite a long journey by train? If not, you are to be congratulated. Of course, it is all in a lifetime, but my experiences just recently seem to jar. I was a Crown witness, and I think a more unbusinesslike procedure I have never experienced.

"I am warned at the risk of a penalty of no less than £100, to be at the Sessions House on the day in question at 10 a.m. It means getting up a good bit earlier than usual, on a cold damp morning. After travelling in the train for nearly two hours, I arrive, and find that there is not the slightest probability of being wanted for another hour; in fact, the Court is not due to meet until 10.30, and the Grand Jury have to be sworn, and there you are worrying about your own business in London, until the matter (which really does not concern you) for which you are forcibly brought down is over.

"You are then told that you can get your expenses and fees at the Court Accountant's office. On approaching him, he knows nothing about the matter, but says you must see the inspector in charge of the case. It was the first time I heard of him, so I went in search. Not finding him, I went back to the said office, but it was closed for lunch. But that was not the worst feature of the business. The case for which I received the subpœna was over just before *one o'clock*. I should say there were twenty witnesses for the Crown, all of whom came into the town by train; in fact, one came from the West of England, and to many of them undoubtedly the question of their expenses was a serious point. *As I have said, the case was over at one o'clock.* It was a very cold and a very wet day, and yet all these people (men and women) were kept waiting about for their money until *half-past three o'clock*, and, as a consequence, the first train that could be caught to town was after *five o'clock*. Fancy twenty men and women waiting in a cold and draughty stone hall, open to the street, from one o'clock to 3.30, for their expenses that they are compelled to incur upon Government business. I can tell you, there was more deference shown to the prisoners than to the witnesses.

"When tired of waiting, they would crowd into the Accountant's room—a screened-off portion of the cold hall, with a nice fire burning, but *the gentleman who had the paying out of the money* would call out "All witnesses outside!" and out into the hall would troop the unfortunate people, and continue to wait until it pleased someone to get someone else, to ask for somebody, to tell him if a list had been prepared, if not who was getting it, and when it was ready it required some great man's signature, and when at last it made what was presumed to be its final appearance in a completed form it was discovered that the great one had not signed it, because a further form was required to be filled in. *The gentleman whose business it was to pay the money* was of the opinion that it was no business of his, and someone else who was standing in the office filled in the desired form, which accompanied the first list on its second journey to get the great man's signature, and eventually, about 3.30, it was brought back and the *gentleman whose business it was to pay the money*, first called out the various items to his little boy, who took them down and carefully cast them up, and then together they counted out the gold (very little), silver and coppers into little piles, and then the business of paying the witnesses started. I am pleased to say *the gentleman who pays out the money* had the decency to call the ladies first; of course, that might have been an accident. I was proffered, over and above my railway fare and expenses, about 4s. which I refused to accept, and really it was the first touch of energy I saw about *the gentleman who pays out the money* when he flung it back towards his little boy. I caught the 5.5 train to London and spent the next day at home nursing a bad cold, and wondering whether the doctor's bills could be included in the expenses, and if a Business Government is really ever likely to lighten our state of darkness."

IMAGINARY INTERVIEWS.

By Walter Moore.

THE REV. C. SILVESTER HORNE, M.P.

Having resurrected an ancient frock-coat, donned a turned-down collar and narrow white tie, and borrowed a discarded black, soft felt hat of more or less orthodox shape from a clerical friend, I assumed a look of woe, and made my lugubrious way to Whitefield's, in the Tottenham Court Road.

"Friend," I said, accosting the first person I met in the building—whether deacon, doorkeeper, or ordinary sinner I know not—"friend, will you do me a Christian kindness?"

"Sorry, I haven't any money on me at the moment," was the hasty reply of my interlocutor, trying to release himself from the clutch of my black-gloved hand.

"Oh, friend!" I exclaimed, raising my eyes in approved revival fashion, "be not hasty in thy judgment. I do not covet thy cash; but I would beg thee to direct me to Mr. Horne's private room, office, parlour, or whatsoever thou callest it. I desire to hold sweet converse with him."

"Oh, I see," returned my new friend, evidently much relieved. "Come this way."

Two minutes later I stood in the presence of the politico-preacher, the doughty and renowned Silvester Horne, M.P.

Mr. Horne raised his somewhat saturnine face (if I may be permitted to use the expression) and fixed his penetrating eyes upon me.

"Good day, brother," he said. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Should I be here else?" I asked, with playful reproof expressed in my raised forefinger.

"I suppose not," retorted Mr. Horne sharply. "I can only give you five minutes. I am very busy."

"Five minutes will be more than enough. I was afraid it might be longer."

"*I'm* afraid I can't quite follow you," observed Mr. Horne, a hint of impatience in his tense voice. "But I venture to remind you once more that *I am a busy man*."

"Yes, brother," I acquiesced; "too, *too* busy."

"Too busy?" cried the rev. politician; "what do you mean?"

"Brother," I replied, "you are overtaxing your strength."

"The back is fitted to the burden," returned Mr. Horne complacently.

"But the process frequently gives rise to the hump," I remarked.

"Your conversation is very strange," said Mr. Horne quietly, but with an ominous gleam in his eye. "If you have business with me, please state it. The five minutes have already dwindled to three."

"Thank goodness!" I cried. "The time flies faster than I had hoped. Now to business. What do you mean by bracketing Mr. Asquith's name with that of the Deity in a hymn sung at a thanksgiving service held at a chapel in your division after the Election?"

Mr. Horne rose to his full height—which is considerable. I rose to mine—which is not inconsiderable.

"You are a wolf in sheep's clothing," declared the political parson, running his eye rapidly over my "get up."

"Bah!" I retorted, asserting my woolly character. "What do you mean by countenancing such an impious, not to say blasphemous, line as 'Asquith, God, and Right' in a hymn sung at a chapel meeting called to celebrate your victory and to gloat over the defeat of your opponent?"

"I have received no remonstrance from Mr. Asquith," said Mr. Horne gruffly, "so do not see why you should concern yourself about it."

At this point my indignation mastered me. "Man!" I shouted, pointing the finger of scorn; "you drag the name of the Most High down into the mire of a petty, Box and Cox, party political contest, couple it with the name of a party politician, and, when I remonstrate, you say, 'Asquith has not complained'! You self-sufficient humbug! You dare to regard the Almighty as the peculiar possession of your own ephemeral and egotistical religious sect! What audacity! What——"

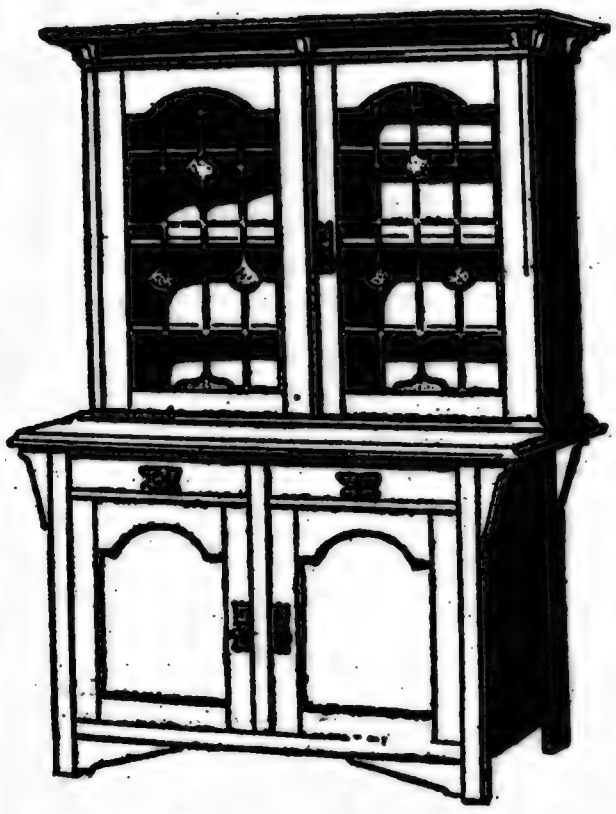
"See here, brother," interrupted the political-pulpiteer, trembling violently; "I may not strike you—but I should very much like to!"

I turned away with disgust.

Notwithstanding other houses 'Sale Prices' we are always the cheapest house in the trade

This would be a bold statement to make unless we were able to prove it. Comparison is the only proof.

On comparison with any house in the furnishing trade, our usual stock prices will show a substantial saving, even although other people's sale prices are taken into consideration. Our huge turnover and wonderful facilities for buying always have, and always will keep us the house that sells the highest quality goods at the lowest price.



4 feet Oak Bookcase, fitted with drawers and cupboard, as illustrated **£4 4 0**

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POTTED POLITICAL PANTOS.

By "Retlaw."

GAMMON; OR, THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Scene: *An Open Place.* (The Liberal Party, *standing on an eminence, addressing a vast concourse of men and women*).

The Liberal Party:

Fellow electors of these happy isles,
Heaven once more on your selection smiles!
Asked to pronounce your verdict, you have shown
That through the year your wisdom still has grown.
The answer you first gave in Nineteen-ten
This last December you've confirmed again;
And, further still, to prove you're not yet stale,
You've added one more Liberal to the tale.
You've shown that British people still refuse
To cotton, in the least, to Tory views:
You've shown (I'm sure the Rev. Horne will nod)
The people's voice is still the voice of God.

Chorus of Women:

Have done with cant! How can you claim
The people's will declared,
When in th'expressing of the same
We women have not shared?
A million more of us there are
Than of the male persuasion—
So long as women's votes you bar
You can't speak for the Nation!

The Liberal Party:

Such interruptions are unseemly, very;
Why dash our joy when we are bright and merry?
Again I say (again friend Horne will nod)
The people's voice is still the voice of God!

Chorus of Electors on the New Register:

What utter rot!
You know we've got
A vote, but couldn't use it!
You chose the hour,
Yours was the power—
But why did you abuse it?
A month's delay, and thousands more
Electors would have swelled the score.

The Liberal Party:

Dear me; these interjections are distracting!
It is a very unkind way of acting:
But all the same (friend Horne once more will nod)
The people's voice is still the voice of God!

Chorus of Adult Males Minus Votes:

Have done with humbug! for we know
These islands' population,
Viz., millions forty-five or so—
A modest computation;
One-sixth of these possess the vote,
Of whom some half are Tory—
We give the lie back in your throat,
Tell us another story!
We are the people, but our voice
Assisted not our country's choice.

The Liberal Party:

Great Scott! you'll drive me off my head, I'm sure,
If, fools, you interrupt me any more!
You put me off my stroke, I miss my cue—
I'm here to *speak*, not listen unto you.
I will maintain (friend Horne, I *know*, will nod)
The people's voice is still the voice of God!

General Chorus:

It may be sometimes,
But this time it's not.
Why should God's voice alone survive
In the twelfth part of forty-five?

[Curtain.]

Bovril has had the honour of receiving the Royal Warrant from H.M. the King, in succession to the appointment to King Edward VII. It may not be generally known that at the death of the Sovereign all Royal Warrants expire.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page iii. of cover.

ELECTRICITY PROLONGS LIFE.

Startling Discovery in Paris.

The *Daily Mail* prints an interesting dispatch from Paris. It states that two doctors of that city, Professor d'Arsonval and Dr. Montier, claim to have discovered a method of prolonging life. Briefly, their theory is that the decay of the arteries, from which all death and disease spring, may be prevented and cured by an electric current.

Professor d'Arsonval has invented a machine of extremely high power, with which he has already experimented on patients—among others, M. Jean d'Orsay, who wrote in enthusiastic terms about it in the *Matin*.

M. d'Orsay describes the treatment as cleansing all the arteries and other organs, and restoring them to their original elasticity and health. "There is no longer," he states, "any essential reason why we should grow old, or even die."

This is a discovery of the utmost importance. It proves the value of electricity to the human body. It proves to every thinking and intelligent man that the day of dosing with stimulants and medicines is over. If electricity is so effective in prolonging life, why not use it as a preventive and cure for the many ills to which we are subject?

Ask yourself why you do not use electricity, and the question will be hard to answer. Think for yourself. Read the writings of the most enlightened medical men of the day—the men who are not afraid to recognise a new truth, and bold enough to put it into practice.

This is an appeal to all people who really want to improve their health. It is especially to those who have followed the old medicine methods, and who find themselves in a weakened state. You are offered a means of saturating every weakened nerve and muscle with a wonderful force of electric energy. That will cure many who have been pronounced incurable—it will cure cases of the most obstinate character, and, better than all else, the cures are permanent.

Now, if you suffer from Nervousness, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxia, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), the "Ajax" Battery is an ideal remedy. It will cure you of rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, gout, or backache. All stomach, kidney, liver, or bladder troubles yield to the invigorating influence of this wonderful battery as if by magic. It cures all weakness in men or women, and makes big, robust, muscular men out of pigmies. The "Ajax" Battery is a dry-cell electric generator, always charged and ready for use. It is guaranteed in every case, and cures wherever recommended.

The "Ajax" Battery is the only electric body appliance that will stand a rigid, scientific test. "Science Siftings" has bestowed upon it its certificate of merit. W. Lascelles-Scott, Esq., the well-known electric expert, has made an exhaustive test. He says that the results have even surpassed his initial expectations.

The "Ajax" Battery is particularly appreciated by those who have tried it. In a recent letter from Miss E. Elford, 4, Church Crescent, Parkstone, Dorset, is this statement: "The battery is life to me. I feel a new creature, strengthened altogether. Mine was a very obstinate case of Rheumatoid Arthritis."

Another cure is reported by Mr. F. Crookes, 13 Court, 3 House, Thomas Street, Sheffield, in these words: "Your 'Ajax' Dry-Cell Body Battery has cured me of rheumatism and weakness in the back. I am strong and well." There are thousands of such cases on record.

At the International Exhibition the "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery was given the Diploma, with Grand Prix and Gold Medal, by the special medical section of the exhibition. The award gives special praise to the system of applying the current, as well as the battery. This is the highest honour ever won by any electric treatment.

"Electricity: The Road to Health" is an interesting book describing the most successful treatment known to the medical world. Everyone interested in the health problem should read it. It does not cost you a penny, as anyone writing to The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will receive it at once in a plain, sealed envelope free. Get it at once if you cannot call for a free test.—[Advt.]

THE ARMY—FROM WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

By Allan Sutor.

The Home Secretary's Battle.

A singular feature of the recent battles in the East End of London was the unavoidable absence of cavalry. Another was the small number of wounded; out of hundreds of spectators, policemen, infantrymen, artillerymen, maxim men, fire brigade men, newspaper men, and photographers, there were several marvellous escapes. On its hazardous side, the most dangerous operation was the attempt made by the police to awaken and alarm the enemy, a sergeant of police being dangerously wounded. Once the criminals were thoroughly roused, the arrangements for the battle appear to have worked smoothly and satisfactorily. It is possible that the fight would be progressing favourably now, but for the intervention of fire.

The Public Schools.

The headmasters are becoming seriously annoyed. Their boys are being taken away from them while they are still young and innocent, and are being given commissions in the Regular Army. The headmasters are about to break their hearts—so they say. I hope it is not true—for the sake of the headmasters. But is it really about the boys that the headmasters are anxious? It seems "only a limited number of the boys will have had any form of responsibility before being sent to their regiments." What will happen to the Eton and Harrow cricket matches?

One Great Expert.

The Army has evolved one great authority, one real expert. His special subject is food. His military rank is Colonel. The man himself is the great Newnham-Davis. Writing on the subject of fish for dinner, the Colonel lays down that "cod is too monumental, sole too breakfasty, sprats too vulgar, smelts light and insipid." Now, my brave lads, there you have a few valuable tips for your messing sheets.

The Rank and File.

Another political attack is to be made on the pensions of the rank and file. Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood is to lead the attack. The patronage of high rank and the prestige of great social position do not count much in the realities of war: they are invaluable in peace. But better to have lived and died as a brave little midshipman, than to have lived to be the gilded tool of a played-out politician. Far better, my dear Field-Marshal. When Mr. Haldane took up the reins of office, he said, "If this Parliament has been returned pledged to anything, it is to cutting down unnecessary expenditure." You will, however, find that in the highest ranks money has been generously expended: it is there that the British public gets least value. In the Department of the Inspector-General of the Forces, six officers divide between them the sum of £9,000. The four Military Members of the Army Council take £7,500. The Secretary of the War Office, who, ten years ago, was an Army Service Corps officer at Ladysmith, receives £2,000 a year. Three directors at the War Office receive £1,500 a year each. Then there is the notorious case of a general, who receives £5,000 a year to save the political face of the Government. The increase of £300,000 in last year's Estimates was explained by Mr. Haldane as being necessary in order to obtain recruits for the Territorials. The Territorial Associations are now establishing sinking funds. They are prospering. Mr. Haldane also raised the pay of the Colonels of regiments. This, he said, was a much-needed "rise." No wonder there is a chorus of praise for him from the military "experts."

Exporting Time-Expired Men.

Here is a letter from an ex-soldier:—

> The Naval and Military Emigration League state they have plenty of vacancies for ex-service men willing to go to Canada and other places abroad. Now, what is the matter with England? Isn't there room for us here?
>
> I have served in the Army, the best time of my life abroad. For England I have lost a little blood. When I left the service I was under the impression that I could settle down to some steady work in my own country amongst my friends and relations. But I find in my search for work there is no room for me. Instead, ex-soldiers have to wait until a charity organisation can wake up some of our great Empire-builders to subscribe enough money to send us out of the country again. Do you think we can be spared? Don't you think you may want us again? We ask employment, not charity.

THE FOOTBALL FEVER.

(With all Proper Apologies to Longfellow.)

By Ricardo.

Tell me not in mournful numbers
  Life is but an empty dream;
Have you ever watched the football
  Of a famous, ding-dong team?

Life is real, life is earnest,
  When the men go for the goal;
Shouting crowds each shout returnest,
  Bellowing with heart and soul.

You would never wonder what spur
  Was required to wake them up,
If they saw a chance that Hotspur
  Would proceed to win the Cup.

There's no brake can e'er be clamped on
  Push and pluck when duty drives;
If you doubt it, watch Northampton,
  Then you'll see how daring thrives.

There's a Hamlet down at Dulwich,
  Having quite a daisy time;
And a woolly team at Woolwich—
  (Pardon us the artful rhyme).

There are plums ripe for the taking,
  Bolton's players itch to pull 'em;
But a good team in the making
  Think they are reserved for Fulham.

We shall see just what we shall see,
  Sunderland of hope is full,
So is Aston, so is Chelsea,
  Manchester now has the pull.

SELFRIDGE'S SALE
of RIDING BREECHES

Made from the accumulated remnants of the past Season—nothing is sacrificed either in workmanship or fit. Our usual high standard of excellence is rigidly maintained. They are cut and built by men from the Beaufort Hunt Country, who know the needs of the Horseman to the letter, and made of such dependable material in all sizes, 31in. to 42in. waist, with knees strapped cloth, are wonderful value at

Price 13/- a Pair.

CARRIAGE PAID IN BRITISH ISLES.

OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

DR. COOK TELLS THE TRUTH.—III.

THE REAL STORY OF HIS NORTH POLE EXPEDITION

TOLD BY HIMSELF.

(Exclusive for Great Britain to JOHN BULL.)

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Two instalments of Dr. Cook's thrilling narrative have now appeared: the first giving a racy and graphic description of his early struggles to qualify in his profession; the pecuniary disappointments (doubtless from his heart not being in the work) which attended his efforts; his voluntary service as surgeon to Peary in the 1891-2 expedition, an experience which he found so fascinating and satisfying to his yearning for adventure that he undertook several expeditions to the Alaskan wilds, and his sailing, in July, 1907, with Mr. John Bradley, a wealthy big-game hunter, on a sporting expedition—with the intention of seizing any favourable opportunity for a dash to the Pole (for which he had at his own expense purchased a stock of supplies and implements).

The second chapter describes his companions and gives details of the equipment he took with him. After travelling a month, all his companions—except two Eskimos—had turned back, and he was left to make his attempt to reach the Pole.

Incidentally throughout his narrative, Dr. Cook takes the opportunity of correcting many absurd stories placed into his mouth by ingenious Yankee interviewers.

Such a journey is a long-continued, hard, difficult, sordid, body-exhausting thing. Each day some problem confronted us, some peculiar condition of the ice or state of the weather. In the effort to overcome extreme cold and cutting winds, there were little victories which afforded constant mental stimulus. That one obstacle after another was being met, with always the anticipation of next day's struggle, wove a web of culminating belief in my success.

CUTTING DOWN OUR FOOD.

A man's mental condition is largely influenced by his stomach. I can testify to that. Up to Svartevoeg, we had been able to indulge in what to us were luxuries. Each day we heated the *igloo* with musk ox tallow. We ate as much as we desired, and had, when we wanted them, extra meals.

After the departure of the last returning Eskimos we had to cut down our daily allowance to one pound of pemmican for man and dog. This was divided into two cold meals. Pemmican is hard and we had to split it with an axe; sometimes it split the axe. As we could not spare fuel for heat, we had to chew it until it could be swallowed.

During the first days, in addition to the pemmican, we had two cups of tea, a biscuit the size of a watch, and a chip of frozen musk-ox meat for breakfast. The time was to come, however, when that meal should consist of half a tallow candle and a cup of hot water. With the temperature minus 63° F. or thereabouts, and one's clothing frozen, it was not pleasant to withdraw one's shivering limbs from the sleeping bag, dress, and pursue a journey on which we had to help push the sledges and cut passages through walls of ice.

On such diet, and with such enforced labour, combined with an inability to sleep, I was forced to dwell inwardly upon my purpose. There was little in the white waste about me to occupy my attention. Sometimes a spot on the horizon, or the twist of a dog's tail, would fascinate me and hold my attention for many minutes.

During this time, to bewilder one, to set one laughing with silly amusement or to fill one with a sense of awe, there early began a procession of mirages and optical illusions. The mental effect I find it difficult to analyse. Sometimes these exaggerated transformations had the effect of bringing far off objects apparently near to us. This often caused confusion in estimating distances.

FANTASIES OF THE ICY NORTH.

Just after Heiberg Land had become a dull haze behind us, these fantastic unrealities of the North began to manifest themselves most. Peaks of snow were transformed into volcanoes, belching smoke; out of the pearly mist rose marvellous cities with fairy castles; huge creatures, misshapen and grotesque, writhed along the horizon.

These spectral denizens of the North accompanied us during the entire journey and when, fagged of brain and sapped of bodily strength, I felt my mind swimming in a sea of half-consciousness, they filled me almost with horror, impressing me as the monsters one sees in a nightmare.

There began one golden glittering day in the early spring of 1908 after our entrance to Bay Fjord, the dance of our shadows. A week before sunset in October, 1907, at Annoatok, our shadows had become vague, ghastly streaks. The late fall is the time of mourning, when the Eskimo women weep along open leads of water over the spirits of the dead imprisoned in the deep. Shadows do not come quickly in the spring with the returning sun, as the haze and continuous storms screen the sunbeams. When, clear cut and a deep purple, they appeared as by magic on that bright morning, my boys danced with hysterical hilarity.

A MIGHTY WIND.

To the Eskimos these shadows of themselves mean a great deal. The Eskimo soul, apart from its body, is believed to follow in the shadow. In the various aspects of shadows the natives read messages, prophecies of good luck and ill-luck, sickness and health. As we pursued our journey, on bright days, they played pranks with our imagination.

We had not been long in the field when the wind, that ever-present dragon-guardian of the unseen northern monarch's demesne, began to suck our strength from our bodies. Shortly before Grant Land had faded on the southern horizon the monster fawned on us with gentle breathing. In the fourteen hours of this day's journey we had covered twenty-nine miles. Too weary to build an *igloo* we threw ourselves thoughtlessly upon the sledges for a short rest. I was awaked from my fitful slumber by a feeling of compression, as if stifling arms hideously gripped me. It was the wind. I breathed with difficulty. I struggled to my feet, and about me hissed and wailed the dismal sound.

Travelling in wind that seemed to petrify the flesh, the temperature minus 46° or even minus 59° F., the lashes of our eyes froze together as we winked, and when we rubbed them and drew apart the lids, the icicles broke the tender skin. Our breath froze on our faces. Often we had to uncover our hands and apply the warm palms to the face before it was possible to see.

DID WE GO OFF OUR COURSE?

When I recall the many hairbreadth escapes from death, the hazards we took, and feel again that physical and mental suffering, I wonder whether any living man would do this were he premeditating a lie.

That I did travel upward of twenty-five hundred miles, in some direction, even my enemies credit. Some have described my journey as being in a semi-circle, others admit my going pretty far north.

Whether I went directly north, or was diverted at times does not, cannot, change the facts of my experience. We were compelled on our journey to go in various directions to find a way. We made wide detours, at other times we had to retreat and find new passages. Perhaps, in so doing, I did become confused and over-estimated my progress. If that is so, it is a fact neither I nor anyone can settle now. Wherever I went, however, I maintain it was northward, and I did reach a spot which I believed to be the Pole.

I shall not take space in these articles to describe our journey day by day. Readers of JOHN BULL are already familiar with the descriptions of arctic travel, and I desire to use my space here in setting before you my own thoughts and impressions as I went through the experiences of those two years in the frozen north.

One day was very like another. Beyond the 83rd parallel life is devoid of any pleasure. The intense objective impressions of cold and hunger assailing the body rob the mind of inspiration and exhilaration. Even the best day of sun and gentle wind offers no balm.

(To be continued.)

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SORE THROATS:

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Everyone who suffers from Sore Throat—the most common winter malady—should send at once the coupon printed below, which will bring a free supply of Wulfing's Formamint.

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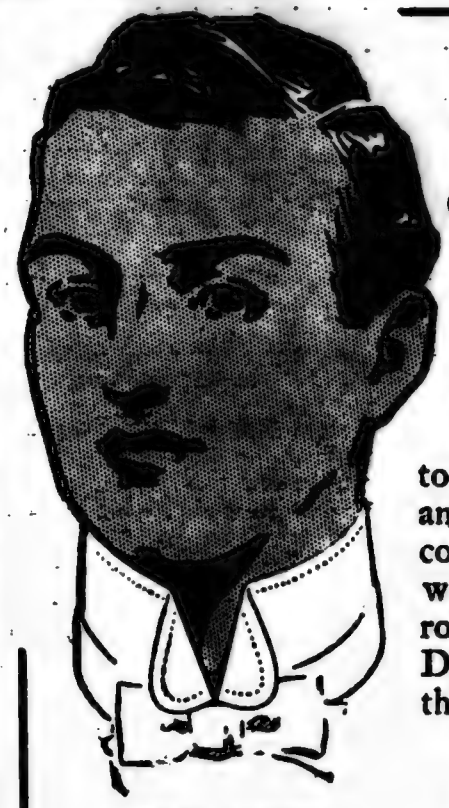

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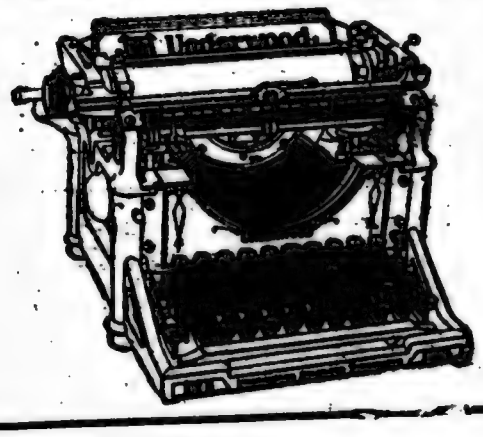

W.E.S.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?"

I have seen a good many foolish plays in my time, but never do I remember sitting through three such milk-and-watery acts of tasteless, indigestible "baby-food" as those now being ladled out to the public by Leo Ditrichstein at the Criterion Theatre.

What's the matter with George Edwardes that he can produce twaddle of this childish description? When I was ascending from these scenes of magnificent bathos to a sensible world once more, I started wondering whether perambulators had been provided to take us home instead of the usual "grown-up" conveyances.

Really, for silliness, and mawkish, maudlin trash, "Is Matrimony a Failure?" would be hard to beat.

Even Ellis Jeffreys, with all her charm, refinement, and delightful transitions of comedy and seriousness, could do little more than *look* a picture as Madge Bolt, who is apparently the only sane person in the English adaptation of the German farce.

"Is Matrimony a Failure?" will not, I sadly fear, tickle the virgin appetite of the very simplest playgoer, notwithstanding the wealth of fashionable millinery that is so lavishly used in order to make it attractive.

Miss Ethel Irving at the Hippodrome.

To those in the know, Miss Ethel Irving's skit on the sketch question is screamingly funny. But to those to whom all this squabbling and arguing is *not* known, "Dolly Cutting Herself" must be a conundrum, the answer to which it is impossible to guess. Somebody has suggested that Miss Irving should do a scene from Lady Frederick, but here again the actress would meet with the same difficulties as with "Dolly Reforming Herself." Tell me—as for the moment I cannot remember—isn't Nance Oldfield outside the radius of the theatrical managers' jealous pursuits, and is not this character of Nance, played so long ago by Ellen Terry, just as good as Lady Frederick—perhaps better? An altogether excellent "turn" at the Hippodrome is M. Bertin, in his impersonations of celebrated French artistes; and his ventriloquial act is extremely clever, but there is a certain portion of it which he might easily dispense with, which is neither funny, nor is it nice.

Charles Frohman.

What is going to happen at the Duke of York's Theatre? "Peter Pan" cannot, like Tennyson's "Brook," go on for ever, and the play that Charles Frohman was staking his faith upon by bringing into this country has not been the success in America he anticipated. On the other hand, Henry Arthur Jones has won fresh laurels for himself with his latest comedy, "We Can't Be as Bad as all That," a clumsy title, but, according to accounts, Mr. Jones and his work were both enthusiastically received at the Nazimova Theatre, New York. The cast includes some well-known English names, such as Kate Phillips, Charlotte Granville, Mrs. Sam Sothern, Mr. Nye-Chart, &c. I hear "We Can't Be as Bad as all That" is just a trifle Oriental—not to say warm—in spots. What will Mr. Redford say to it? I am anxious to hear.

A Pitiful Story.

I have received letters and telegrams innumerable about the article published in John Bull *re* theatres and music-halls. I have been told that it is fudge and rubbish that, owing to the sudden "taking-off" of "Richard III.," actors were left penniless. Here is an extract from one man—I know him well; I know, too, that sooner than borrow money he has recited and acted to the queues outside the theatres, and picked up pence thrown to him by the people he has interested. This is what he tells me:—"I enclose a few details of my *walking tour* from London to Norfolk. I left London the Saturday before Christmas, playing *en route* at Bishop's Stortford, Cambridge, &c. With the assistance of a friend or two and some local talent, I organised an entertainment at a little village in Norfolk, playing many impersonations from Shakespeare. We rehearsed several weeks for 'Richard III.' at the Coliseum, and, owing to the legal action, it was withdrawn, throwing nearly two hundred people out of work just before Christmas. Surely players who have to face odds like this should receive at least one-fourth payment for rehearsals? Will you speak to our greatest of all friends, John Bull, about this? There is no one else who has any power to help us in our distress." Isn't this a deplorable state of affairs? And the man has a wife and a little child dependent on him.

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The John Bull League.

BRANCH REPORTS.

LEEDS.—A smoking concert was held on Thursday, January 5th, at the Golden Lion Hotel, Lower Briggate, Leeds, when a splendid programme was given. Mr. W. B. Russell presided over a crowded attendance. Mr. Fred Bucknall was heard to great advantage in the John Bull League song, and afterwards sung "My Kingdom." Mr. R. Williams sang "Gifts of Nature," Mr. Harry Burley scored a distinct success in the "Yeoman's Wedding Song" and "A Chip of the Old Block," Mr. Jack Allerton was in a very humorous vein, and his songs "On your Honeymoon" and "A Country Curate" were so well received that he had to give encores in each case. Mr. Powell played a fine 'cello solo, and Mr. Walter Fieldhouse quite brought down the house with his humorous items, which were exceedingly clever. Mr. Bucknall and Mr. Pennington sung a duet "Flow, gently Deva." Mr. Rozello's entertainment was a distinct feature; he introduced many striking and original feats of legerdemain, which were very novel. Mr. Measor Granville, from Manchester, gave a powerful dramatic sketch, entitled "Napoleon's Tomb." Mr. Percy Fox officiated very ably at the piano. The Chairman, in the course of a short address, dealt with the objects of the league, his remarks being well received. Many new members were enrolled.

PLYMOUTH.—The concert held at the Corn Exchange on Thursday of last week was a great success. Mr. E. Pengelly opened the proceedings with selections on the grand concert gramophone, and Mr. Frank Smith gave a capital rendering of the League song. Miss R. Matthews was much applauded for her songs, as also were Miss Pearce, Miss L. Riedlinger, and Miss V. Walker. The audience was delighted with Master E. Hicks, a wonderful boy soprano. His rendering of "For all Eternity" was magnificent, and in response to an enthusiastic demand for an encore, he gave "When other Lips" in masterly style. Miss R. Burt's pianoforte solos were much enjoyed. Mr. Geo. Harvey met with much success in his song, "My Dreams," and in response to a demand for an encore gave "Songs of Araby." Mr. J. Hamilton caused much amusement in a comic song and Mr. C. J. Baker gave a humourous selection on the bassoon. A duet by Messrs. Frank Smith and Geo. Harvey, "Watchman, what of the Night?" met with much success. Mr. Pengelly gave several selections on his gramophone, and Mr. J. H. Lucas rendered good service as an accompanist.

MANCHESTER.—A very enthusiastic audience attended the Abbey Hey Lane Debating Society at the Hare and Hounds, Gorton, on Wednesday, January 4th, to hear an address on the "Objects of the John Bull League," Mr. John Bleasdale in the chair. Councillor H. Ross Clyne in a magnificent speech brought forward many public matters requiring the attention of the League. Mr. Fred Wardle, Hon. Sec. of the branch, in an effective speech dealt principally with the recreative part of the League. Mr. John Bleasdale, in proposing a vote of thanks to the speakers, declared his intention of being the first in the room to sign an application for membership, and asked all non-members present to follow his example, which many did. Some very pertinent questions were asked by a number of those present, and these were answered to their satisfaction. Councillor Ross Clyne moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman and Mr. Wardle seconded, and the resolution was carried unanimously.—A grand whist drive for members and friends will be held at Messrs. Lyons' Café, 74, Market Street, Manchester, on January 28th. Tickets (price 1s. 6d., including refreshments) can be obtained on application to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. Wardle, 5, Woodland Road, Gorton. Early application for same is desirable as the number is extremely limited.

BIRMINGHAM.—As advertised in another column ex-Lieut. Sutor addresses a meeting in the Temperance Hall, Temple Street, to-morrow (Friday) evening at 7.30 p.m. In addition to the address, one of the musical programmes for which this branch has become quite famous, has been arranged, and will include those well-known and popular artistes, Messrs. Bert Forss, Sidney Albert, and J. W. Nicholson, and others. A few reserved tickets may be obtained from the Central Secretary, Mr. C. L. Kay, at the District Office, 2, Corn Exchange Passage, High Street. Seats will also be reserved for members showing badges, the remainder being free to the public on presentation of this copy of JOHN BULL. In view of the great demand for seats, none can be reserved after 7.45 p.m.—A meeting of members of the Aston and Witton branch of this division will be held at Burlington Hall, High Street, Aston Manor, on Friday, January 20, at 7.30 p.m., for the purpose of electing a district chairman and committee, and of discussing and arranging other details. All members are invited to attend and to bring any friends who are interested in the League.

BRISTOL.—It was hoped to have arranged for a smoking concert to be held at the Grant Hotel, on Wednesday, January 18th, and an announcement to this effect appears on the front page of a very small portion of this issue—which went to press earlier than the rest of the paper. At the last minute, however, it became necessary to postpone the fixture. Will members kindly note?

(For Membership Coupon see page iii. of Cover.

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Each glittering hour of success, all the brilliant excellence of her achievements, are made possible, says Madame Janotha, by the direct energising benefit she obtains from Phosferine. In Phosferine, declares the celebrated Court pianiste, she finds that mental and physical vigour, that reserve of nerve force which enables her to unvaryingly sustain her abilites at their very best. The secret of her supremacy, declares Madame Janotha, is that Phosferine wards off nerve weakness and lassitude, and thus ensures that high level of efficiency required of all who serve H.I.M. the Emperor of Germany.

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Madame Janotha, Court Pianiste to H.I.M. the German Emperor, King of Prussia, writes :—"It gives me great pleasure to express the good opinion I have of your admirable preparation Phosferine. *I have derived great direct benefit* from its properties, and find that it helps me to maintain sustained concentration through the most fatiguing Concert Tours. Phosferine in fortifying the constitution keeps the nerve force at a high standard, and controlling the muscular system, it enables one to master all the delicacy of touch so essential in piano-playing. It certainly *imparts the power to work at one's freshest mental and physical capacity*, warding off fatigue, and nerve weakness, lassitude, and otherwise generally promoting health and activity."—September 7, 1910.

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And the Principal Royalty throughout the World.

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BULL'S EYES.

NOTES OF INTERROGATION:—
Isn't "provention better than cure" true as regards alien criminals?
Why not make the Aliens' Act a "force" instead of a "farce"?
Is Joseph Lyons a "knight of the round table"?
Will Lieutenant Brandon catch the Wesel asleep?
Hasn't King Manoel still got an "outsider's" chance?
Why not make "cash terms" with Japan?
Is "at ease" to be the "standing" order for the Territorials?
Is German sausage the ideal "stuffing" for Turkey?
Are the South African cricketers enjoying their "outing"?

Baron Albrecht von Knobelsdorff Brenkenoff has been appointed instructor of wrestling to the City Police. Pupils might tackle his name to begin with.

The headline, "Gardening for Soldiers," seems to indicate an attempt to substitute the language of flowers for the "flowery language" now in vogue in the Army.

A contemporary wants to know which is the hardest bird to hit? What about the oof-bird?

It is stated that the American girl spends £25,000,000 on sweets every year. No wonder she is so candied.

"Small demand for geese," we read. Nothing new. The Business Government is coming.

The *Star* speaks of "the altruism of a man who votes for the candidate he is opposed to." Wouldn't "not-at-altruism" be better?

"A doctor should be easy and free," says Dr. G. H. Colt. We wonder what *his* fee is.

The St. Pancras Borough Council has made £1,000 profit this year from the cemetery. A kind of "sinking" fund.

High heels may be unhealthy, but they are still worn. A girl thinks twice before doing anything which will lower her standing.

Mr. Jacob Popp, of Sunday trading fame, is stated to be bankrupt. Gone pop!

The seventeen suffragists who spent Christmas in Holloway were not without seasonable fare; they cooked their own goose.

"An educated person always admits there are two sides to a question," says Prof. Moore Smith. Yes, the right side and the other fellow's.

It is stated that there are 21,000,000 horses in the United States. No one has undertaken to count the asses yet.

An Italian has discovered what he calls a faint comet. Would a strong glass bring it to?

King Manoel is to study at Oxford, but will not take a degree. Isn't his M.A. always with him?

The girl post-office messengers should soon be at home with the mails.

"Record rush of English journalist," says the *Mail*. Now if *we* had said that!

"To be truly happy, husband and wife must have the same native language," says Madame de Thebes. Otherwise, of course, there will be misunderstandings.

BOOKS TO BE SHELVED:—
"The Simpkins Plot." Shows some cultivation.
"The One Before." Evidently not the author's last book.
"The Lesson." Wants learning.
"Gilead Balm." Very soothing.
"The Romance of a Woman of Thirty." A story of the Middle Ages?
"Denis Trench." Not very deep.
"A Drama of the Telephone." The language might be better.
"Pan the Fiddler." The hero plays his part boldly.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.

AUTHORS and ARTISTS submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).

The EDITOR cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.

A. R. (Kennington) says the South London Music Hall is almost as bad as the Holborn Music Hall. Phew!

J. W. R. (Copthall Avenue) sends us an electioneering leaflet and asks whether the writer deserves (1) to be put under restraint, (2) to have his—leg—kicked, (3) one of our biscuits. But we have not the patience to read any more election "literature." Why kick anybody for writing rot?

E. J. (Cardiff).—We know nothing about the "Directory of Commercial Enquiry Agents for England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales," but are not enamoured of their prospectus.

"PUNTER" (Glasgow) complains of *W. E. Betts, commission agent, Flushing.*

"A PHILHELLENE" took the trouble to post one of our paragraphs to the Editor of the *Salpinx*, of Limasol, and sends us a retort, which, unfortunately, is Greek to us. We gather that we have been accused of "brutal ignorance," but we must disclaim originality with regard to the word Greek being a synonym for swindler. Surely Homer said that centuries ago.

"WELSHED" (Forest Hill) congratulates us on having turned three football welshing firms out of Flushing.

J. G. (Liverpool).—Not very nice of the Salvation Army to announce lectures about the probability of Crippen being in Hell. Surely he had extreme unction.

C. F. W. (Uckfield) says the phrase "free on rail" is not a trick. All the same, it may be misleading to inexperienced persons.

MRS. J. H. (Grimsby) writes to complain that she is "living just opposite one of the pooling boots, where the exitement and the noice was intense, the battle was hot, the strife was enormous." We agree that insufficient wages are "the great foundation to poverty, indecency, idleness and the worse of all Drink—drink." But what can we do? Shall we make Jim take the pledge?

"ENGLISH COLLY" (Georgetown, S. America) is a Protestant who takes the trouble to write and warn us of the enormous danger of the *Portuguese Revolution*, which will inevitably flood England with "greasy Portuguese priests." And yet we have submitted to any amount of incursions of refugees for centuries without coming hopelessly to grief.

T. F. W. (Newbury) complains of *F. G. Morton, football accountant, Flushing, Holland.*

C. H. (Twickenham) says that Crow's article on *The Dutch* is "a disgrace to a civilised nation." His friends in Flushing and Middelburg are up in arms, so probably there will not be many more bets during the football season.

H. C. A. (Edinburgh) says that the three oldest golf clubs in his district have allowed *Sunday play* for many years, and even lunch at the clubhouse. Hoots, mon!

P. D. A. (Bradford).—Ha, ha! Ho, ho!

"A CONSTANT READER" says it is time the Borough Council put the *Clapham Road* in order a bit now.

A. H. (Poplar) is a disgusted reader of Jim Crow, whom he accuses of ignorance and hatefulness, and invites to a private or open discussion about *The Double Dutch*. But Crow is now off among the half-French.

(Continued on page 70.)

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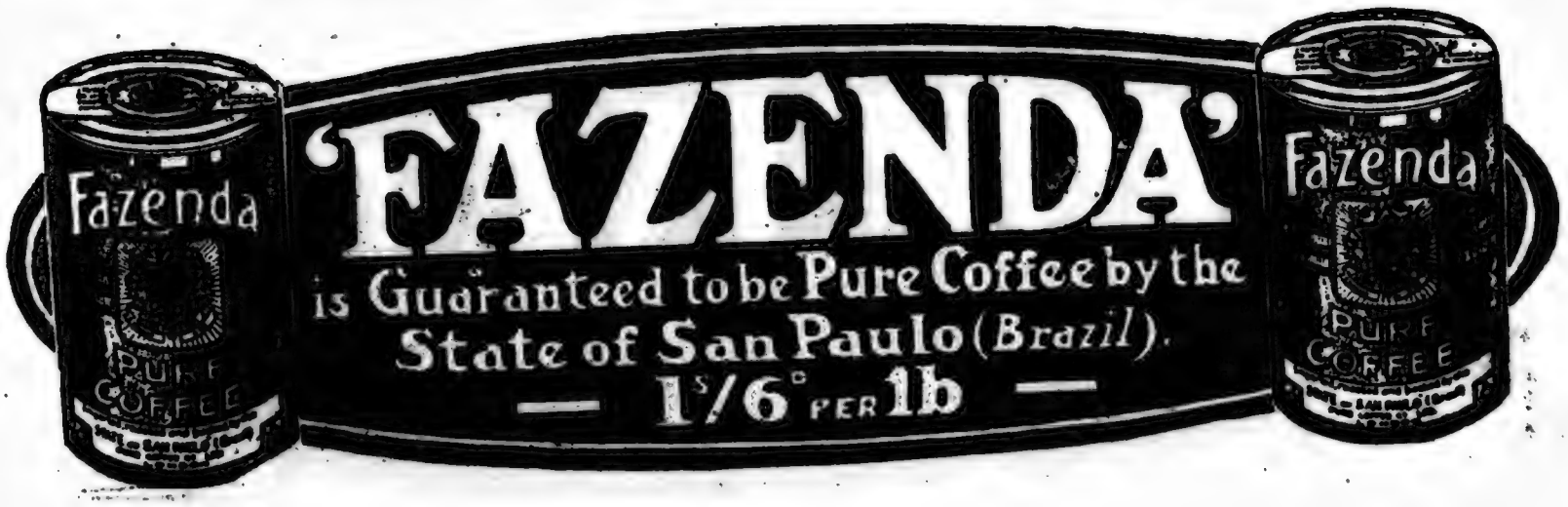

E. F. (London, S.W.) draws our attention to *Andriane's Commercial Bureau*, 61, *Charlotte Street, Oxford Street*, which requires fees in advance for finding jobs.

G. T. (Battersea) complains that he cannot get his winnings from *Harry Rouse, of Flushing*.

M. S. J. (Maida Vale).—No doubt Motley was a greater authority on the Dutch than Jim Crow, but he wrote about a different period.

W. B. (South Benfleet) inquires about the *Arts and Manufactures Anglo-French Co-operative Association*.

E. S. (London, E.C.) complains that the daily papers did not report a great suffragist meeting at the Albert Hall. Nor did they ours.

A. B. (Leeds).—The fact that the *Oriental Tea Company* calls its guarantee "official," does not impress us.

H. E. C. (Brockley) wants to know who is Father Hopkins, who went down to support Mr. Bowerman, the Labour candidate for Deptford. We don't know. The important thing is that Bowerman got in.

"VERAX" applied to the *Commercial Advance Co., of Manchester*, for a loan of £150, and paid a fee of £2 10s., followed by a fee of £3 10s. for stamps, without result. As he says the latter sum was "fortunately paid by cheque,' we hope we are right in surmising that he stopped it.

L. A. (Dublin) complains of the *Hibernian Trading Stamp Co.*, 180, *Great Brunswick Street, Dublin*, and says their goods are not of Irish manufacture at all, at all.

"PATRIOT."—If you went about waving the Union Jack at election time, you need not have been surprised if people tried to tease you by shaking French flags under your nose. It would be hasty on your part to jump to the conclusion that the Radicals intend to upset the monarchy.

A. P. J. (Rotterdam) says that "any man writing such tommy rot, telling such tremendous lies" as Jim Crow did about the Dutch, "must have been hopelessly drunk or otherwise." Jim says otherwise.

P. P. (Balham) complains of a coupon business for the sale of boots run by *B. Hulles*, 139, *High Street, Clapham*.

T. G. (Upper Tulse Hill) complains of having been welshed by *George White, of* 229, *Seven Sisters Road*, but the man has been already sufficiently exposed. Isn't he connected with Seymour and Whiteman, the blood-suckers?

P. A. A. (London, E.C.) enquires about *E. S. Halford and Co.*, and *The London and County Reversionary Company*, 93, *Chancery Lane*, asking whether they are one and the same person. He must ask our City Editor.

W. C. (Walworth) complains about a turkey-club. He had better join a goose one next year, if he was so easily plucked.

H. R. (Leyton) sends a Methylated Spirits Retail Licence with special Sabbatical provisions on the back. Oh! for a Business Inland Revenue system!

"PHARMACIST."—Thanks for information, but you do not tell us *why* the sale of methylated spirits is restricted in that silly way.

W. P. (Bermondsey).—Yes, but all aliens are not "burglars," and we must not abandon our traditional hospitality too rapidly or too rashly.

J. B. (Glasgow) says no one ever presses for rent in his happy land, where "it seldom rains in May." Where *is* Jim Crow's single ticket?

M. P. S. (Birmingham) sends a cutting from the "Chemist's Annual" for 1911, to show that methylated spirit may not be sold between Saturday, 10 p.m., and Monday, 8 a.m., under a penalty of £100. Is that to prevent us from drinking it on the Lord's Day?

D. J. G. (Hove).—Of course, Brighton is a suburb of London. So will Paris be when airships learn to travel fast.

A. B. (Edinburgh) AND ANOTHER inform us that a Salvation Army preacher at a recent meeting in Mount Street, Princes Street, was good enough to give us an excellent advertisement. Amongst his choicest remarks was: "JOHN BULL will never see God no more"!

"A READER" (Wolverhampton).—Better leave those Hamburg lottery touts alone.

"A GREEK J.B. READER" points out that we questioned Byron's sanity some time ago, and wants to know why we chose our motto from the works of a madman. But madmen often make very fair poets—Edgar Allan Poe, for instance.

MRS. A. F. J. (Horsehay).—We do not agree that it would be patriotic to quote from *The National Review* about the Germans. Quite the reverse.

F. J. L. (Bromley).—We believe wireless telegraphy is overdone as a means of livelihood. Why not invent a new flying machine?

"FAIR PLAY" (Brighton) wants to know whether some football commission agents in Holland are entitled to send out circulars with rude remarks about His Majesty's Government. We do not suppose that their remarks are likely to do Mr. Asquith much harm.

A. W. C. (Toronto) thinks we publish too many advertisements, but we might not otherwise be able to give such vast value for 1d. As it is, we give more reading matter than any other weekly.

C. B. W. (Derby) was awarded a biscuit and complains that he has not yet received it. Why not send his dog round?

W. J. C. (Forest Gate) wants to know whether more Liberals voted against Old Age Pensions than Unionists. Oh, these Party politics!

E. P. (Kensington) informs us that she is a believer in demoniacal possession, but is convinced that the Devil requires no earthly confederate. This is evidently intended to support some new theory about Crippen.

W. A. (Savona, Italy) has had horrible experiences of missionaries, and has come to the conclusion that many of them are drunkards. Is that because monks make liqueurs?

C. W. (Bristol) blames the Salvation Army for indulging in Sunday trading by selling newspapers. How very shocking!

H. C. (Hornsey).—We don't know anything about the value of your "plan of the Cities of London and Westminster, with the borough of Southwark, comprehending the new buildings and alterations to the year 1811." This is a modern newspaper.

E. C. W. (Croydon) sends us a parody of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" so utterly senseless that it is not even worth quoting in mockery.

"ANGLO-INDIAN" (Wandsworth Common) cross-examined at least a dozen Hindu converts in Calcutta as to the reason for their change of religion. In every case the reply was that they were very sorry, they really did not know what had possessed them, and they had never got anything except promises by their change. When will someone bribe us to become Hindus?

C. H. M. (London, W.) says that there is a great deal of improvement in the matter of expectoration in public places, but objects to people in bread shops and provision shops licking their fingers before handling their goods.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

HOW TO GET FAT FREE.

Don't Be "All Skin and Bone" When You Can Speedily Become Plump and Attractive.

2/6 box of New Discovery Free.

"Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they use Sargol?"

This should attract the eyes of every skinny, scraggy, cadaverous man or woman who reads this paper. The missing link between food eating and fat making has at last been discovered.

The principle which turns food into solid flesh has been found, analysed and reproduced in tablet form for all to take.

The chronically thin are generally hearty eaters. Many a man with a big bay window, eats less than some withered-up shrimp with hips like two oyster-shells nailed to a board.

Eating will not produce fat, unless the food be assimilated.

Assimilated is the word.

Plump, well-nourished men and women assimilate their food. Skinny people do not.

That is all there is to it.

Give a thin, scraggy woman the power to assimilate her food properly, and in a fortnight she may develop a rounded figure which will be the admiration of passers-by. Let any fat and happy-go-lucky business man lose this power to properly assimilate his food and in a short time his clothes will hang in festoons upon his emaciated frame.

During the past ten or twelve months some very convincing tests have been made with a new treatment. It seems to contain what might be called the active principle of assimilation. Its record as a fat and tissue builder has been so remarkable that arrangements are now being made with leading papers whereby all readers can have an opportunity to test this new discovery free of charge.

The name Sargol has been given to this new preparation. By using it you may quickly become plump, strong and hearty. The food you eat will be turned into firm, healthy tissue, red blood, bone, and muscle, and will not pass unassimilated from the system as formerly.

Take Sargol and you can eat anything and everything in reason, you will be free from fits of the blues, can hold up your head and meet the world with a smiling face.

No one knows the mortification that thin persons suffer but they themselves. Thin folks get the sneers and rebuffs. Scraggy men never look like real money, and they are crowded aside in the race for success. Thin women are pushed up against the wall and left there. It is seldom that a skinny woman is very popular.

By special arrangement, all readers who are lacking in bodily development and symmetry can make a test of Sargol, free of charge. All you need to do is to cut out the coupon below and send it to-day with your name and address to the Sargol Co., Dept. 25, 124, Holborn, London, E.C. Full directions will be sent with the free treatment. You will be shown clearly why it is that you have remained thin and what to do to put on more flesh.

COUPON.

This certificate and 3d. stamps to help defray distribution expenses entitles the holder to one 2/6 package of Sargol tablets, the home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive.

Issued on account of JOHN BULL.

GOOD FOR TEN DAYS.

The Sargol Co. (Dept. 25), 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

FREE TO THE RUPTURED

A Well Known Authority Sends a Sample of a Famous Method Free to All.

We will send free to anyone who is ruptured, or knows of any person ruptured, a free trial of our famous home cure. It is a marvellous method, curing cases that defied hospitals doctors, trusses, electricity and all else. Merely send your name and address, and the free trial will be sent without any cost to you whatever. Mr. R. Wharton, 52, Domestic Street, Holbeck, Leeds, was ruptured seven years, tried all kinds of trusses, partly made up his mind to undergo the danger of an operation, when, by the greatest of good luck, he tried the Rice method. He is cured, **and has worn no truss for over six years.**

MR. R. WHARTON.

Mr. Wharton says:—"I tried the Rice method, and it cured me. I had been ruptured seven years and tried all kinds of trusses with no benefit. I am doing all I can to persuade every ruptured person to try this method, which I think is worth its weight in gold."

Every ruptured person ought to send at once and make a trial of this method. It has cured thousands of people without pain, danger, operation, or an hour's loss of time. Begin now, and in a short time you will forget you have been ruptured. Do not fail to send in this Coupon to-day.

COUPON (B 1101).

Cut out and post to **WM. S. RICE, Ltd., 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C.**

Time Ruptured?.....*Age?*.....

Right, left, or both sides, or navel?.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

JUST PUBLISHED.

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTALLS.

2/6 net, or post free 2/10.

THE NEW BLUE BOOK ENTITLED:

HOW Successfully TO BUY and SELL STOCKS and SHARES.

Compiled by Author of Business Blue Book.

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The Miscellaneous Market.
Banking Companies.
The Bank Act of 1867.
Brewery and Distillery Shares.
Iron and Steel Shares.
Financial Trusts.
Lighting Companies Shares.
Insurance Companies Shares.
Land and Investment Companies Shares.
Shipping Companies Shares.
All about Rubber.
The Mining Markets — South Africans: South African Gold Output; South African Dividends; Group Control; West Australians; West Africans; Rhodesians; Miscellaneous.
Industrial Shares as Investments.
Something about Oil.
Mining Investments.
The Art of Investment.
The Ideal Investment.
Exchange of Investments.
Booms & Slumps—Useful Hints.
The Small Investor—His Requirements.
Hints on Profit-taking.
The Mysterious Bank Rate.
What Stock Exchanges Really Are.
The Stock Broker—His Business.
How Stocks and Shares are Bought.
How Shares are Sold.
How Payments are Made.
Odd Lots of Shares.
The Transfer Deed.
Contangoes and Backwardations.
Options.
An Explanation of Underwriting.
Tape Prices Explained.
Special Settlements.
Official Quotations.
Trustee Investments.
The Law and the Investor.
Stock Exchange Holidays.
Stock Exchange Terms.
Appendix.
Transfer and other Forms Illustrated.

Containing as it does just the information sought and which everyone should know, a similar demand for this work is anticipated as occurred for the Business Blue Book (50th thousand), which had similar claims, and edition after edition rapidly ran out of print.

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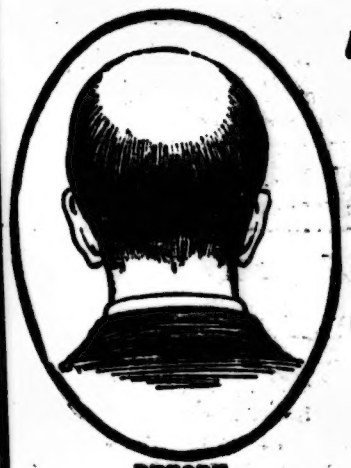
CURTIS GARDNER & Co., Ltd., 33, Spencer House, South Place, Finsbury, London, E.C.

FREE Hair-Growing Cultivation for 14 Days

free of charge. Complete outfit, including Craven-Burleigh's absolutely reliable Hair Grower, also a tablet of antiseptic Scalp Cleanser, and a splendid illustrated Booklet of 100 pages, "The Only Way to Grow Hair."



BEFORE.

The Only Way TO Make Hair Grow

AFTER.

TRY BEFORE YOU BUY IS A MOST EXCELLENT MAXIM

Craven-Burleigh's offer is a straight proposition! There's no humbug about it. It is open and above board. For 14 days you can test the truth of the genuineness of his famous Hair-growing cultivator. You incur no risk—no expense—no obligation to purchase—the risk and expense falls on Craven-Burleigh. All you have to do is to take up your pen, fill in the coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps to pay cost of carriage and packing. By return you will receive the complete outfit free of charge. If you then follow out the instructions, you will see for yourself the daily improvement in the glossiness and growth of your hair. New shoots of strong invigorated hair will appear. Perseverance is the only thing required. The more you use it the better you'll like it. It's the only way.

FREE COUPON

Please send me 14 days' outfit by return.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

SEND COUPON TO J. CRAVEN-BURLEIGH, 189A, CRAVEN HOUSE, 62 GREAT RUSSELL ST., LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
("*Larry Lynx*" *of* THE PEOPLE, "*Double U. L.*" *of* LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, *and* "*Magpie*" *of* THE GLOBE.)

Medley.

Some owners believe that handicappers never allow for the 5lbs. apprentices' claim when making up allotments for future events.

"There is a good handicap in him!" is the expression applied to horses that are being qualified for events later in the season.

The Eton Mission Boxing Club, Hackney, will be holding its annual competition at the Hackney Baths on February 15th, when I hope there will be a good muster of friends to witness the sport.

Winners in Embryo for Abroad.

It will save a lot of correspondence from and to many of my friends and readers abroad (especially South Africa) if I say that any of a little troop of three or four-year-olds, specially chosen as exactly suitable for winning races abroad, can be had at what they actually cost plus a nominal buying commission and the trivial expenses incurred. Those who want to win a Johannesburg Handicap, or to have another Wise Beauty, Fanita, or Blue Jacket, at a small price should communicate with me at once, by cable if possible.

Prophetic.

The second day at Windsor has the quietest card, but I must pick UNDINE as very likely to win the Maiden Four-Year-Old Plate, whilst ADRIATIC—on rather better terms—may reverse the Gatwick form with Ballymacoll. Belus is to try to get three miles in the Castle Steeplechase, but I do not think he has any chance of beating

JUDAS,

who will be fitter than when he ran at Newbury, whilst the same colours will succeed upon BALLYMUDUN in the Five-Year-Old Steeplechase.

At Hurst Park FLAXEN, if not penalised in the interim, would take the Surbiton 'Chase, although Okoro has no penalty for his two-mile Gatwick success. It is useless to look beyond HIMAN in the Maiden Plate, whilst on the next day MITRAL, BUCKLAW, ELSTEAD and CEDRUS will assuredly go very close in their respective engagements. Donnington runs under his penalty, but his Kempton conqueror, Belus, does not. I am afraid, however, that Lady Esme Gordon's good horse will fail to give just two stone to MICHET.

PERENNIAL PUBLICATIONS.

Pride of place among works of reference the annual publication of which gladdens the heart of the scribe as well as the man of affairs, must be given to "Who's Who," Messrs. A. and C. Black's wonderful publication. Priced at but 15s., it contains over 2,000 pages of authoritative biographies of all the men of any note in this, and those outstanding in other countries.

"Whitaker's Almanack" also needs no bush. Whilst retaining all its old features, some remodelled and simplified, others—such as an exposition of the methods of property valuation and an examination of the comparative incidence of taxation in this and other countries—are given.

In "Hazell's Annual" (Hazell, Watson and Viney), "Whitaker" finds a worthy coadjutor. Though necessarily containing much the same official information, its many special articles upon all spheres of the world's thought and action are written from a fresh point of view and form a valuable contribution to the history of our own times.

"Whittaker's Peerage, Baronetage and Knightage" is another invaluable publication, giving in concise form, and at an exceedingly moderate price, a complete glossary of persons of rank in this country, with explanations of all titles of honour, etc., and many other useful features too numerous for mention.

"The Englishwoman's Year Book" (A. and C. Black) forms a complete guide to all the professions into which a woman has won her way, with much information of a general character. No thoughtful woman can afford to be without a copy.

"The Catholic Directory" (Burns and Oates) consists of tabulated information regarding the manifold activities in this country of the Church of Rome—such as complete lists of its clergy and schools, and much other information of great interest to the followers of the "Old Religion." As with other standard works of reference, it is wonderful value at its price—1s. 6d.

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The oldest established reliable Football Accountants in the World.
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Send 1d. postcard for the most liberal price list issued. ENGLISH, SOUTHERN and SCOTCH LEAGUES to pick from.
£10 Free offer open to all clients.
November 26th and December 3rd. We were one of the very few firms who paid out, in full, to all clients on the aforementioned dates.
H. Hamilton & Co.
FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

BERT FRY
FLUSHING, HOLAND.
MEMBER OF TATTERSALL'S
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Bert Fry's cheques are the same as cash. Payment for same will be made across the counter of a bank in 50 of the largest towns in the United Kingdom.

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Instant Relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of Potter's Asthma Cure. In 1/- Tins. Sold everywhere. For FREE SAMPLE send post card to POTTER & CLARKE, LTD., Artillery Lane, London, E. (Mention this Magazine.
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For Bilious and Liver Complaints
of all Chemists (in square green packet), 1/1½, 2/9 per box.
DR. SCOTT'S PILLS are the favourite prescription of a doctor who devoted practically a life's study to the liver and its ailments. They have no equal as a remedy for lack of energy, poor appetite, pain and distension after meals, dizziness, headache, and other results of a disordered liver.

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399, STRAND.
The Paradise of all good gourmets.

The Sphere Suspender
For Men's wear. Also suitable styles for Ladies' wear. British and Best. The smartest and most comfortable suspender in the world; Prices 1/- to 2/6, on sale everywhere. If unable to procure send P.O. with 1d. for postage to SPHERE SUSPENDER CO., LEICESTER. *Illustrated Folder Free.*

FOOTBALL. FOOTBALL. FOOTBALL.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

MIDDELBURG, HOLLAND,

are still

"The World's Premier Football Accountants."

WE DO NOT BOAST. WE PAY.

Weekly Times Dec. 25/10 says :—" Messrs. White, Fisher & Co. paid out on November 26 over 3,000 clients, all the winning claims on that date."

Id., for rules, prices, etc.

We are the originators of "PICK-WHERE-YOU-LIKE" £10 free offer to every client weekly.

WE HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED 14 YEARS.

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(Mention this paper.)

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(20th Edition.)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—

FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
(Successors to Freeborn, Franklin & Co. Established 1899)
1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

JUNON HAIR STAIN. JUNON BATH MUSTARD. JUNON HAIR TONIC.

JUNON Hair Tonic

JUNON
Perfumed **Hair Tonic.**

Grateful, comforting, refreshing and invigorating—restores gloss and brilliancy—stops hair falling, nourishes and strengthens the roots—removes dandruff, positively makes the hair grow, is a beneficial and pleasant dressing for daily use.
Two kinds: Greasy for dry and brittle hair; Non-greasy for greasy hair. When ordering, state the condition of your hair as exactly as possible; also say whether you would prefer the tonic without perfume.
JUNON Hair Tonic should be used in conjunction with the JUNON Hair Stains; as, while it will quickly restore strength and vigour to the hair, it will not injure the effect of the stains in any way.

1/-, 2/6 & 4/9 a bottle.

JUNON
Permanent **Hair Stain.**

This is the only permanent and really satisfactory one-solution hair stain—absolutely harmless—perfectly natural tints—easily applied in one operation—defies detection—does not stain the Skin.

In Eight Standard Shades.

Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Chestnut, Golden Chestnut, Light Golden Chestnut, Golden, Light Golden.
If you wish to restore your grey or faded hairs to their natural colour, send us a clipping of your hair where it is not yet grey or faded—and we will match the stain exactly to it.

Full Directions with every Bottle.
Securely Packed in Plain Package.

1/-, 2/9 & 5/6 a bottle.

JUNON
Aromatic **Bath Mustard.**

Add it to your bath! Combines the medicinal and tonic properties of the time-honoured "mustard-bath" with water-softening and perfuming properties. Prevents chill after exposure—removes all signs of perspiration after exercise—alleviates rheumatic and muscular troubles—softens the hardest water and imparts a delicate aroma to the skin. Use it after golf, motoring, etc. You don't know how really refreshing and invigorating a bath can be, until you have tried a JUNON Bath-Mustard bath—it makes you feel FINE, even after the most exhausting day, and gives to the body that soothed, comfortable feeling that makes a good night's rest a certainty. Invaluable in all cases of Insomnia.

1/6, 2/6 & 3/6 a box.

Obtainable of all Chemists, Stores and Dealers: or direct from the Manufacturers.
JUNON, LIMITED, 57, MARSHAM STREET, LONDON, S.W. L.E. & Co.

JUNON Bath Mustard

JUNON HAIR STAIN. JUNON BATH MUSTARD. JUNON HAIR TONIC.

WILLIAM BARNES'

Football Totalisator

Goes, Holland.

Some Tote Odds for Dec. 31st:—

Odds against:—5 Home Teams 21 to 2; 6 h.t. 24 to 1; 7 h.t. 56 to 1; 8 h.t. 92 to 1; 9 h.t. 285 to 1; 10 h.t. 543 to 1. Odds against:—4 Away Teams 72 to 1; 5 a.t. 93 to 1; 6 a.t. 168 to 1; 7 a.t. 291 to 1. Odds against:—1 Draw 9 to 2; 2 d.s. 18 to 1; 3 d.s. 96 to 1.

Coupon and Tote Books sent free on application. (Mention this paper.)

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The General Secretary,
93 & 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the
JOHN BULL LEAGUE,
and send me a Membership Badge, for which I enclose P.O. for 6d.

Name .....

Address .....

....

What is Your Number?

Our Weekly Ballot for 50 Helpers at Two Guineas Apiece.

Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL **of specified date,** bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of TWO GUINEAS in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all work done.

The following claims have been received for our issues of November 26th and December 3rd, 1910:—

MRS. E. FATHERS, 10, Galveston Road, Leamington, Warwickshire. No. 450,895. November 26th, 1910.

F. W. LOVE, 19, Rymer Street, Herne Hill, S.E. No. 158,899. December 3rd, 1910.

ROBERT BARROW, 8, Andover Gardens, Hornsey Road, N. No. 390,466. December 3rd, 1910.

THOMAS WALKLING, 35, Christchurch Road, Ilford, Essex. No. 459,199. December 3rd, 1910.

JOHN TYLER, 31, Scyborfack Street, Swansea. No. 259,345. December 3rd, 1910.

WILFRID LECK, 53, Park Crescent, North Shields. No. 257,695. December 3rd, 1910

W. W. NEWTON, 88, Nelson Road, Gillingham, Kent. No. 329,600. December 3rd, 1910.

PERCY S. FOSTER, 3, Macdowall Road, Newington, Edinburgh. No. 93,768. December 3rd, 1910.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 17:—

2898	163349	201338	332284	581570
31127	166749	227636	333004	591097
32808	169968	228723	340248	611214
32938	180895	238262	433479	637813
34847	187148	257695	446920	658763
45654	193705	259345	468648	664676
90245	194557	261739	490797	677677
99546	197575	273646	565145	728347
117969	198097	318526	566977	740760
146796	198292	332243	578047	759758

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 11TH (PUBLISHED FEBRUARY 9TH).

A.D. 1911 and your chances of Success—what are they?

Are you qualified to take charge of some higher position in your present firm or to step into a good opening in another concern?

The "chance" may occur but once in one's lifetime—*be ready*. On the other hand, make yourself a *necessary man*—no employer will discharge a man who *knows*, nor will he turn a deaf ear to the promotion-seeking man if that man is properly trained in the theory and technical knowledge of his work. As years roll on the *trained* man is more and more in request.

Overwhelming evidence is at hand of the value of "I.C.S." trained men to employers—men trained by the greatest teaching-at-home, in spare time, educational institution in the world.

Example of Employers' Tributes to the I.C.S. System.

James Dalrymple, Esq., General Manager, Glasgow Corporation Tramways, and employer of over 5,000 people, writes:—

"I am pleased to state that a great many of the employees of this Department in practically every section of the work have taken out Courses of Education through the International Correspondence Schools. . . . The instruction they have received has increased their efficiency and many have been promoted to positions of responsibility. . . . Your correspondence education is complete."

To train a man in the theory and technical knowledge of his work while he is actually doing that work is the one logical way to make masters of specific and exacting lines of industry.

That is the I.C.S. way—that is why the

International Correspondence Schools

have scored their world-wide success—success scored simply because their students have secured success. To take the average worker, whose place can be filled easily at any time, and make him a technical expert—manager—an instructor of men who only yesterday were equal with himself—that is the work of the I.C.S.

And because this institution gives this practical, technical training, with no interference with a student's regular occupation—and because the student has no classes to attend and can work out every problem of his line individually and thoroughly—that is why the result of I.C.S. tuition has proved in thousands of cases to be better position, higher pay.

Is your own idea of what you could do, if you had the "chance," firm enough and big enough to make it worth your while to mark the attached Coupon? Just think it over a moment. Review your present abilities. Think of next year. Think of 10 years—20 years from now.

Evidence of how I.C.S. Students' "chances" are converted into Real Successes.

Student A. C. Baker, of Newport, writes:—

"Since taking up your course in Electrical Engineering I have had two promotions, and if I stick at the work I shall be in a position equal to that of manager. You have laid the foundation of my success."

Mr. E. H. Bottrill, South Hackney, writes:—

"I have finished my course in Advertising, and it is a pleasant duty to give my heartiest thanks to the Schools for their unfailing courtesy and patience during the months occupied by my studies. Throughout I have found the Text Books and examiners' remarks of the greatest help."

Mr. C. F. du Plessis writes:—

"I have derived much benefit by I.C.S. instruction. I enrolled three years ago for the complete Architectural Course, when I worked as Carpenter for meagre wages. My income increased 100%, and I now have my own business—Building Contractor, and doing a lot of Government work."

Send Coupon to-day. Let A.D. 1911 be a red-letter year in your career.

"The way to better pay is the I.C.S. way."

Better Position Coupon

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,
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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the occupation before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here

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—Electrical Engineering	—Business Training
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